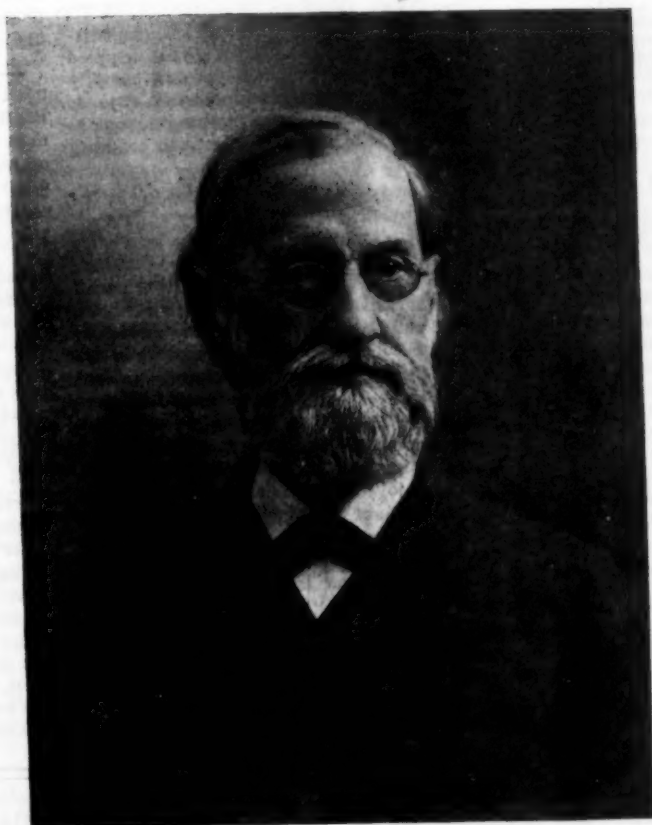


Zion's Herald

August 17, 1897



Rev. William Rice, D. D.
Died August 17, 1897.

A PRAYER

"And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things."—PSALM 45.

Almighty God! eternal source
Of every arm we dare to wield,
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,
On reeling deck or stricken field;
The thunder of the battle hour
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might;
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,
The calmness born of sense of right,
Heroic competence of will
To keep the awful tryst with death,
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

By Thee was given the thought that bowed
All hearts upon the victor deck,
When high above the battle's shroud
The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,
And Thine the hand that checked the cheer
In that wild hour of death and fear.

O Lord of love! be Thine the grace
To teach, amid the wrath of war,
Sweet pity for a humbled race,
Some thought of those in lands afar,
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school
Whose children are of every land,
Inform with love our alien rule,
And stay us with Thy warning hand
If, tempted by imperial greed,
We in Thy watchful eyes exceed, —

That, in the days to come, O Lord!
When we ourselves have passed away,
And all are gone who drew the sword,
The children of our breed may say,
These were our sires who, doubly great,
Could strike yet spare the fallen state.
— S. WEIR MITCHELL, in *Harper's Weekly*.

A REMARKABLE WAR

AFTER only three months of war Spain has sued for peace. If the war ends, it will rank as one of the most remarkable wars in human history. A war without loss of a single battle or skirmish on one side, without loss or serious injury of a single ship, with surrendered prisoners exceeding in number the force which captured them, and with practical annihilation of the available navy of one Power, is novel enough to make an interesting chapter in the world's history. The results are the more remarkable when it is considered that practically the finest arms and ammunition of Europe, in some respects superior to those which Americans employed for most of their forces, were at the service of Spain. Krupp and Armstrong guns, Mauser rifles, smokeless powder, gave Spaniards a serious advantage repeatedly, and Spanish soldiers have never been considered inferior fighters in any locality where their peculiar style of fighting was possible. Yet good troops, with first-rate equipments, with ships of the latest and best European pattern, and men who were not lacking in courage, were never able to make anything like a good stand on land or sea. Holding positions declared impregnable by the military experts of their own and other nations, these well-equipped forces were driven out of them by the rush of troops in part destitute of discipline in war, and many of them provided with inferior arms.

All these things go to make this war one of the most remarkable ever known. It would not have been considered strange three months ago if Americans had lost several ships and many thousand men in battle before driving Spain to sue for peace. In fact, all sorts of European critics were continually saying before the war actually began that, while American resources must win in the end, this country might have a bad half-hour of it at the outset. It is only in the light of these declared expectations that the actual results of the war can be fairly judged. Nobody finds even now that Cervera's forces were lacking in courage or in material equip-

ment. Nobody questions the courage of Toral and his men, or makes light of their defence of positions which they considered impregnable, and which everybody else has considered extremely difficult. But somehow the Americans have nowhere met even a little reverse on land or sea, and have invariably carried apparently impossible positions with greater loss to the defenders than to those attacking.

In warfare these are not results which history makes familiar. All the losses of one navy from first to last and on all seas do not equal those inflicted upon the other by a single shell. All the battles of the war thus far have not cost the American Army as many men as it has killed in attacking the most strongly fortified and difficult positions. There will have to be found a definite and extremely important cause for such a disparity of fighting force and destructive power. The world now begins to see what that cause is. Free sovereigns fighting for the government which is their own are not to be matched by the best-trained and best-equipped forces of governments which are not "of the people, by the people, and for the people." — *New York Tribune*.

HOME MISSION NOTES

— Sibley Hospital, Washington, D. C., under the care of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, has been somewhat crippled by a debt, from which it is now happily freed. The Hospital is an important adjunct to the Lucy Webb Hayes Training School, as the nurse deaconesses receive their training there.

— Some singular scenes occur in the Indian Missions. The missionary at Ponca, Okla., writes: "One afternoon a man came wrapped in a blanket. His first salutation was to extend the right hand upward with the palm turned toward me. Then he shook hands and sat down. When my husband came in he did the same thing. Then we understood by signs that he had come to worship God. I assure you we did not disappoint him."

— Bancroft Rest Home for Missionaries and Deaconesses at Ocean Grove, N. J., is greatly enjoyed by the weary workers from all parts of our land. Not one of the least of the self-sacrifices which the missionary is called to bear, is the lack of mental and spiritual stimulus from other minds and hearts. A second "Rest Home," similar in character to this, is projected at Chautauqua, N. Y. The church cannot be too mindful of her devoted toilers at the front.

— The anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society at Ocean Grove,

N. J., was an occasion of much interest. Dr. Josiah Strong gave one of his thoughtful, convincing addresses in the large Auditorium on Sunday evening. Dr. S. F. Upham spoke from the same platform in the interests of the Society in the morning. Rev. Dr. Elliott, of Philadelphia, spoke twice during the meeting to the great profit and delight of his hearers.

— Prof. Henrietta Bancroft, field secretary of the W. H. M. S., was present at the Ocean Grove meeting, and by her addresses and wise management of the deaconess interests, especially committed to her care, added greatly to the success of the anniversary. Miss Bancroft has recently spent six weeks in Iowa. During this time she made thirty addresses in the interests of the Society, awakening enthusiasm in its work wherever she went and securing over \$700 in collections and pledges. An extended itinerary has been arranged for her in the East.

— The annual report of the superintendent of the Adeline Smith Industrial Home, Little Rock, Ark., under the auspices of the W. H. M. S., shows 41 girls enrolled; \$845 received in the line of self-help, contributed by the pupils for the support of the Home; 1,302 lessons given in plain sewing, 565 in dress-making, 245 in fancy work, and 163 in Bible study; 110 Bibles, leaflets and tracts distributed. Two teachers are employed.

— Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Moya, Cubans and loyal Methodists, have been conducting a missionary work in Key West, Florida, for more than a year past. The appeal in behalf of the poor Cubans of Key West was so urgent that the Society could not turn a deaf ear to it. Mr. and Mrs. Moya are tireless and self-sacrificing workers. For over a year they have lived on less than \$30 a month. From this they have paid \$13.50 a month rent for the building in which they live and carry on the school and mission. Mr. Moya teaches and serves as pastor. Mrs. Moya is his able and willing assistant. In a recent letter Mrs. Moya says: "Our school is doing a good work: 23 boys and 20 girls, Cubans, and 4 Americans are at present receiving a Christian education here. We teach English and Spanish, and we have several pupils advanced in both languages. Besides the regular courses taught in the public schools, I teach to my girls crochet, sewing, and cooking. We have the Bible as a text-book, and a feature of our school is the daily reading of the Sunday-school lesson for the following Sunday. I do not hesitate to state that in few schools are our Christ, our Holy Bible, and our dear church with her institutions, more honored than in our humble one."

Grimy finger marks
seem to grow on the woodwork
about the house. They come easily and
they stick, too—unless you get rid of them with

GOLD DUST Washing Powder

It makes all cleaning easy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York.
Boston. Philadelphia.

Zion's Herald

Volume LXXVI

Boston, Wednesday, August 17, 1898

Number 33

Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor

A. S. WEED, Publisher

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Price, \$2.50 a year, including postage

36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Peace

At twenty minutes past four, last Friday afternoon, August 12, the protocol was signed which puts an end to the war with Spain. M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, signed for Spain, having been granted special credentials for this purpose, and Secretary Day signed for the United States. Commissioners will now be appointed by both countries who will meet in Paris to negotiate a treaty of peace. In the meantime hostilities will cease just as soon as it is possible to communicate with the several commanding officers in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines. War is a terrible necessity; peace is a great blessing. Spain made this war necessary by her insatiable greed and cruelty. The United States came to the rescue of humanity, first with good counsel, wise suggestion and patience; when these were seen to be of no avail, she was forced to come with the sword. She sheathes it now, much more willingly than she drew it, after having attained the desired end. Events hurried us into the war, but they were events directed by an overruling Providence. There were many who did not realize the need of immediate action when war was declared, but the whole land has been loyal in its support of the Government. The President apparently yielded to the manifest will of the people somewhat against his own convictions, but now that the end has come after less than four months of fighting, it will be seen that nothing was done prematurely. There is no blessing in war. All the blessings come from peace. Whatever glory may have been won by the American arms is as nothing compared with the greater blessing which we have won for an oppressed people. We may now give them peace instead of devastating war, and with ample reward to ourselves, since it is always more blessed to give than to receive.

The Terms of Peace

On the 28th of July Spain asked for terms of peace. She received an answer two days later. She was informed that she must relinquish all claim of sovereignty to Cuba; that she must cede Porto Rico, all her other islands in the West Indies, and one of the Ladrone

islands to the United States; that she must recognize the city, harbor and bay of Manila as in the custody of the United States, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines; that she must immediately evacuate all the West India islands. She was also informed that she must agree to appoint not more than five commissioners to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace; the commissioners to meet in Paris not later than the first of October. The terms are worthy of a Christian victor. They are generous and magnanimous. Spain, accustomed for so many generations to the wiles of diplomacy, was at first disposed to see if she could not make capital by delay, but she speedily learned that, whether in war or in peace, the United States meant what was said, and that she would have to accept or reject our terms just as they stood. Spain learned her lesson quickly, and gave her answer promptly. Thus far she has shown a disposition to deal fairly and to abide by her promise. So the war closes on the 12th of August which was begun on the 21st of April. Now we shall have peace news instead of war news. The commissioners have a difficult task appointed them. They will need, and they will assuredly have, the prayers of all true followers of the Prince of Peace.

General Shafter and the Canteens

The opposition to the army canteens does not come wholly from the clergy. Gen. Shafter is on record as strongly opposed to the sale of liquor on government reservations. He declares that the canteen is demoralizing to the men, and that it seriously impairs their efficiency. The fact that some few men will get liquor ought not to outweigh the other fact that hundreds of young men in the army would never go after it and never think of drinking it if it were not kept constantly before them. As to the fallacious plea that the profits go to make the men more comfortable, it is sufficient to say that the United States is rich enough to make all its soldiers comfortable without entering into a compact to demoralize their habits to make a few pennies. It is refreshing to hear that Gen. Shafter has absolutely prohibited the sale of liquor or the opening of saloons in Santiago, and that he has refused permission to allow cargoes of beer to be landed. The yellow fever at Santiago is bad enough, but from many points of view it is not as bad as the demoralization of the thousands of young men at Camp Alger, whose conduct in the capital city has been a source of grief to all lovers of the nation. What a thousand

pities that the sale of liquor to soldiers and sailors is not as absolutely prohibited in Washington as in Santiago!

Fireproof Wood

The present war with Spain has furnished new proof that the greatest danger of the modern battleship is from fire. At the battle of Yalu in 1893, between the battleships of China and Japan, more Chinese sailors were required to fight fire than were left to fight the guns. This was notably true of the Battle of July Third. The Spanish ships were a mass of flames almost from the beginning of the contest. When the war broke out our ships were stripped of all the woodwork that could be removed without injury to the structure of the vessels. Orders have now been given that hereafter all the woodwork shall be of fireproof wood, so far as it is possible to make use of it. Just after the battle of Yalu, the Navy Department directed that fireproof wood should be used in the vessels then in process of construction, and the Annapolis, Wilmington, Marietta, Helena, Nashville, Wheeling, Newport and Vicksburg are all as safe from fire as they can be made. Subsequently this protective type of woodwork was discarded, but it will now receive permanent adoption. The process of rendering wood fireproof is by withdrawing all the sap and moisture in a vacuum, and then filling the pores with phosphate of ammonia. After being subjected to this process it cannot be set on fire, and even the flame of a blow-pipe will only char the toughened material.

The Growth of Russia

For a hundred years Russia has been adding to her population at the rate of a million a year. There are more than 130,000,000 inhabitants of that great empire, and the prodigious excess of births over deaths that has been going on since the conquests of Finland and Poland in 1809 shows no falling off. Having successfully colonized Southern Russia during the present century, the Russians have now set for themselves the task of colonizing Siberia, which is larger than the whole of the United States. With this object in view, after a generation spent in survey and study, the Government undertook the building of a railroad which should connect St. Petersburg with Vladivostock. This is one of the most gigantic undertakings ever attempted by any government, and one which could scarcely have been undertaken by any other government. The work is divided into several sections. The Western Siberian division was begun in 1891, and the Central Siberian in 1893. By this time next year it is prom-

ised that the work will be in full swing along the whole line. Although only the most primitive means are employed, the work progresses rapidly. About 62,000 men are now employed, while all the farmers and woodsmen along the line are levied on for provisions and stores. The Government pays nothing for its right of way, it has no legal contests to distract its attention, and it will so utilize its forces that this great enterprise will not probably cost more than \$500,000,000. It is needless to say that it will add more than a hundred times that amount to the wealth of the country, but it will probably be some years yet before one can travel all the way from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok by rail.

Russia and England in China

So far as appearances indicate, Russia is proving more than a match for England in China. It looks very much as if Salisbury had squarely backed down in the matter of the New-Chwang Railroad. The Shanghai Bank, which is an English concern, was willing to lend China the money for the road, but when Russia entered an objection and offered to furnish the money, China turned to Russia and left England in the lurch. No one can claim — indeed, no one does claim — that in the matter of concessions England is keeping in sight of Russia, Germany, France, or even Belgium. It is quite evident that the Russian, M. Pavloff, has distanced the British representative, Sir Claude Macdonald. Lord Salisbury declares that Russia is using means which are not in accordance with British traditions, and that he cannot follow her lead. He admits that it is impossible to maintain England's former relative superiority in China. Li Hung Chang is openly favoring Russia at the expense of England. It is very difficult to get at the truth of the matter, or to understand just what is taking place, but it looks as if British trade were being fostered at the expense of British influence. With China openly inviting the United States to her markets, it seems as if, for once at least, England were the victim of a shortsighted policy which is likely to cause her much trouble later on. The London press is very bitter over the present condition of affairs, and when Parliament meets again in October, the ministry will have its hands full to defend the policy which has resulted in shutting a door which the ministry has sacrificed many important advantages to keep open.

Catholic Total Abstinence Union

The 28th annual session of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union met in Boston last Wednesday. After solemn high mass in the Cathedral, the annual sermon was preached by Rev. J. B. Troy of the Boston archdiocese. It was an excellent temperance sermon, worthy of a wide reading. The business sessions were held in Faneuil Hall, but every morning the delegates repaired to the Cathedral for high mass. Like all recognized societies of the Catholic Church, the C. T. A. U. pays high regard to the religious observances of the church. Not all her ministers are total abstainers, but all her

total abstainers are loyal church members. No one of them would ever dream of libelling those who are not in sympathy with the total abstinence movement. Massachusetts is familiar with the excellent work of Father Scully of Cambridge, and the nation recognizes in Archbishop Ireland a zealous advocate of total abstinence principles. The Roman Catholic Church in her highest councils in this country has been outspoken in favor of temperance. She is too wise to provoke a temperance schism, and with so many of her members in the liquor business she has a most difficult task before her. It is refreshing to learn that the Union is increasing every year, and that during the last year special attention has been given to the children. During the last five years 25,901 members have been added. Mrs. Baker, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was received with great applause as she came to present the greetings of the national organization; and the loss sustained by temperance in the death of Neal Dow, Frances Willard, Mrs. M. H. Burt and others, was feelingly dwelt upon by Mrs. Lake, one of the vice-presidents. The next session will be held in Chicago.

Viceroy of India

The present Viceroy of India is the Earl of Elgin. His term of office will expire next January. It was announced in the House of Commons last week that Mr. George N. Curzon, son and heir of the fourth Baron Scarsdale and the Parliamentary Secretary of the Foreign Office, had accepted the appointment as the next Viceroy of India. This is the most important office in the gift of the United Kingdom, and one which requires rare qualities to successfully fill, especially at this time. Mr. Curzon was born in 1859, was graduated at Oxford, and won a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society. He has traveled extensively and is a forceful speaker and a careful writer. He was elected to the House of Commons from Southport in 1886. In 1895 he married Mary Victoria Leiter, of Chicago, the daughter of the multi-millionaire of whom we have been hearing considerable of late. Almost immediately after his marriage the fall of the Rosebery Ministry made a new election necessary. He was triumphantly re-elected, a circumstance which a Liberal paper attributed quite as much to the bright smiles and graces of his American wife as to his own fitness for the place. She drove through the Southport district interviewing the wives of the voters and frequently holding parley with the electors themselves. He was at once made under-secretary of state for foreign affairs by Lord Salisbury, and has now won the most splendid position under the crown. He belongs to the more advanced section of the Conservative party, is a pronounced Russophobe, and an advocate of a forward policy in military frontier matters. He has youth, wealth, cleverness, and a charming wife. He will have to overcome in India the fourfold difficulty of war, famine, plague and currency. The vicereine will have a noble opportunity of rendering marked assistance in the

elevation of the women of India, and the hearts of loyal Americans will beat with high hopes of great good to be accomplished by her. The world has seldom offered such a magnificent destiny as now lies before these young rulers.

A Giant and His Work

One day last week a train of cars left Altoona for Columbia, Penn., loaded with coal. The Pennsylvania Railroad has been using large engines on its coal routes for many years, but they have usually drawn only sixty cars of 2,350 tons. This particular train consisted of 130 cars of 5,212 tons, and was almost three-quarters of a mile long. It left Altoona at 9 A. M., and arrived at Columbia at 11 P. M., drawn by a single locomotive weighing 118 tons. It is not only the largest but the most powerful locomotive in the world. Experiments have shown that it is more than twice as powerful as the giant locomotives heretofore used by the road. Although the train required two full crews to handle it, the expense of moving the coal will be considerably reduced by the single engine. Very few roads would stand such an immense weight, but the Pennsylvania road is one of the best in the world, and it will soon have other locomotives of the same size for its coal traffic.

Immigration

A year of agricultural depression in Europe, and a year of bountiful harvests in America would seem to invite immigrants on an unusually large scale. Although the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, was distinguished for these conditions, the immigrants did not arrive. The number was smaller than that of any year since 1879. In 1882 there were 199,000 German immigrants alone; last year the total number of immigrants from all Europe was but 229,000. The quality was very poor indeed, adding little to the wealth and intelligence of the country. Germany sent but seven per cent., Sweden and Norway about the same, England only five per cent., Ireland eleven per cent., Italy twenty-five per cent., and there were Russians and Poles amounting to fourteen per cent. The failure of the attempt to pass an immigration bill is very much to be regretted, although it must be confessed that no bill has yet been drawn that is anything like what is necessary to insure success without working injustice and hardship to many worthy men and women. Possibly if the Government were to offer to return to the land from which they came all immigrants who wish they had never come to this country, the solution of the difficulty would soon be reached.

Italy and Colombia

In 1885 a rebellion broke out in Cali, in the State of Cauca, Colombia. An Italian, named Cerruti, was at the head of a company doing a large business there. One of the political factions deprived him of his personal property, thrust him into prison, and ruined his business. He promptly presented a claim for damages through his own country; but as Italy and Colombia were not able to agree,

the matter was preferred to Spain. With her decision neither party was satisfied, and the claim was referred to President Cleveland in 1895. He decided that Colombia should pay \$300,000, but although both parties had agreed to abide by his decision, Colombia has refused to pay over the money. After more than a year spent in fruitless negotiation, the Colombian minister in Italy was informed that unless the money was paid within three days an Italian squadron would be despatched to Cartagena to seize the custom house and collect the revenues till the sum of \$300,000 was realized. Accordingly, the money not being forthcoming, Admiral Candiana entered the harbor of Cartagena, about the middle of July, with a formidable squadron, and demanded payment. Colombia was disposed to parley, and she feared the effect of an armed demand for money. She promised to pay every dollar as soon as possible, and at the request of Secretary Day Italy granted her an extension of time. This is one more evidence of the reluctance with which nations enter into war, and one more victory for arbitration.

The Philippines

Although there are said to be about 1,200 of these islands, there has never been any attempt to make a complete survey of the whole group. The distance from the most northern point of Luzon to the most southern point of Mindanao is about 950 miles — or about the distance from the northern line of Vermont and New Hampshire to the southern boundary of South Carolina. The largest and most important island is the island of Luzon on which Manila is situated. On this island it would be possible to place the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, and then have room enough left for another State nearly as large as Massachusetts. It is 475 miles long; that represents the distance from the most northern point in Maine, to New Haven, Connecticut. The island of Mindanao, which is the next in size, is considerably larger than the State of Maine. It is 300 miles from north to south — or as far as from Bangor, Me., to Providence, R. I., by rail. The two islands next in size, Mindoro and Panay, are together about as large as the State of Massachusetts. The estimated area of the group is about 115,000 square miles. This is about equal to the area of New England and New York. Statistics referring to the population are hard to get. It is probable that not more than one-third of the islands are inhabited, and the most commonly received estimate of the total population places it at about ten millions.

The New Zealand Rabbits

It is not so very long since we were hearing dismal tales of the plague of rabbits which the New Zealanders declared was as bad as any of the plagues of Egypt in several ways, and worse in the one particular, that no man could see the end of it. Seeing the large stores of frozen mutton, poultry, etc., sent to England in the refrigerator ships, some one conceived the idea of sending a few

frozen rabbits as a venture. Such success followed this experiment that one rabbit shipper alone shipped 700,000 rabbits last year and expects to send 1,500,000 this year. He often buys 20,000 in a day, and his weekly payments to trappers in his employ amount to about \$4,500. It is estimated that 6,000,000 rabbits will be exported this year, and that New Zealand will receive between \$500,000 and \$750,000 for rabbits which until very recently she has looked upon as an unabatable nuisance. The rabbits have never sold for less than six cents each, and they have often sold much higher. Prolific as they are, and plenty as they were, it is quite certain that in a very few years a rabbit will be a *rara avis* in the province.

The War News of a Week

The most important items of war news this week come from Manila. On the night of July 31 the Spanish made an assault on the American lines at Malate, between Cavite and Manila. By the failure of the insurgents to hold a swampy space, the Spaniards were able to get at our right flank and to pour in a hot fire. The 10th Pennsylvania and the Utah battery were at that point. They held their own until reinforcements came up, and the Spaniards were then driven back with heavy losses. Our loss was nine killed and thirty-five wounded. On Saturday, Aug. 13, according to reports just received from Hong Kong, Admiral Dewey opened fire on Manila, which surrendered to him during the day. The Spanish commander-in-chief took refuge on a German man-of-war, and is now in Hong Kong on his way to Spain. There was some delay in sending the news of peace to Admiral Dewey and Gen. Merritt because there was no steamer near Hong Kong that could be chartered to carry the news. Previous advices from Manila were to the effect that no hostile movement was intended until the arrival of all the forces on their way to the Philippines. It was something of a surprise to hear that Manila is in our hands, and is an occasion for congratulation. Matters are very much simplified by this change of rulers.

Orders were sent to Gen. Merriam at San Francisco to provide transportation for 10,000 men to reinforce Gen. Merritt. The steamers Arizona and Scandia were about ready when the orders were countermanded. The City of Sydney, one of the first transports to sail for Manila, has returned to San Francisco, and is available for transport duty. It is now reported that the Arizona and the Scandia will sail at once for Manila, but that they will carry only ammunition, stores and provisions.

Twenty minutes before the signing of the protocol, fighting was begun off Manzanillo by the vessels blockading that port. News of the attack was sent to Washington from Playa del Este, and Gen. Greely was directed to open communication with the American forces at the earliest possible moment. Accordingly he sent a despatch to Havana, and it was forwarded over land to Manzanillo. It was dark when it reached that port, but the Spanish sent a boat off to the senior American naval officer acquaint-

ing him with the news of peace. This, of course, put an end to the fighting at that point.

In Porto Rico the Spaniards had prepared to make a stubborn resistance to the further advance of Gen. Wilson at a place called Albonito. The fighting had already begun, the batteries on the heights overlooking the town had been destroyed, when a messenger rode from the nearest telegraph station with news of peace. This appears to have been the only point where it was not considered good news. Our troops were just getting warmed up to the fight, and it is reported that there was some grumbling as the order to cease firing suddenly checked them.

The soldiers are coming home from Santiago as fast as they can be loaded, and the transport service is very much improved. Montauk Point was very far from being ready to receive so many men, but the soldiers seem to have found little fault. They were evidently only too glad to get out of the pest hole which they found in their Santiago encampment. Very few have died on the way, but more than three-fourths of them show the terrible effects of exposure to an inhospitable climate in a sickly season and without even the necessities of life.

The prisoners from the Spanish army have begun their homeward voyage to the extent of the capacity of three large Spanish steamers, and others will follow very shortly. There was some delay in assembling ships enough to transport so many men, but not more than was to be expected. So far as any reports have come to the notice of the public, the War Department is satisfied with the work of the Spanish contractors.

What is to be done with the prisoners from Cervera's fleet has not yet been decided. Spain is in no hurry for their return at her expense. Indeed, there are hints that she would have been quite as well pleased if we had kept the army prisoners. Spain fears the result of the return of all the soldiers now in Cuba, and scarcely knows what to do with them. It will probably be several months before any will be sent home after the last of those who surrendered at Santiago have gone.

The Navy Department promptly sent notice to Admiral Sampson that hostilities were suspended. He was directed to proceed to New York with the New York, Brooklyn, Indiana, Oregon, Iowa, and Massachusetts; to send all the monitors to a safe harbor in Porto Rico; and to assemble all the cruisers. Commodore Watson was ordered to transfer his flag to the Newark and remain at Guantanamo. Admiral Howell was ordered to assemble all the vessels of his squadron at Key West, and the blockade of Cuba and Porto Rico was raised. The blockade of Manila was also raised.

So the war news of this week ends in peace. To be sure, the treaty of peace is yet to be negotiated, and there are many troublesome questions connected with the final settlement; but without doubt the war is at an end, and we may rejoice, as becometh those who love righteousness, that peace has so soon returned to us. Our rejoicing is not because of national conquest, but because the God of battles has once more crowned the efforts of the nation to let the oppressed go free.

SUNSET AND THE WEATHER

THERE are so many people who are always talking about the weather! The cold is too severe, or the heat is too intense, or the prospect is too dreary. But there are so few of them who seem to think very much of the sunset. The weather is something that can fill their souls full of topic and interest; but the splendor of the day's close when the sun drops gloriously down and the crimson bars lie athwart the throbbing west does not touch them. They have a soul for the weather, but none for the glory and the inspiration of sunset. Perhaps it is because sunset cannot be talked about or described. No pen can tell what a soul may feel then, and no brush can paint what the worshiper may see. It is all there, and it is good to stand in the hush and the glory with another soul that understands, and wonder and dream. And then, for the sunset is short at best, one must go back to hear men talk again about the weather.

And all this is equally true of the topics that busy our tongues when we meet our fellowmen. It is all about the weather and very little about the sunset that we talk. Only at times do we meet in the hush of the twilight hour with a soul that understands us, and know together the rapture and the satisfaction of the sunset contemplation. Perhaps it is because it is so easy for us to talk about the commonplace, and because language at the best is so inadequate to convey the meaning of our deepest moods even to those who know and understand us best. The reason may be obscure, but the fact that we fail to enjoy our sunsets together is plain enough. But it is there always, the glory and the throb and inspiration for all.

DIVINE USE OF THE COMMON-PLACE

WE are accustomed to think that the great events of an age are those which are critical in the shaping of national destiny, and that it is through the startling experiences of life that the soul is most permanently fashioned. But the view is questionable. The great deed and the master stroke are really the outcome of a long line of antecedent causes which were overlooked as to their significance because they were so caught into the commonplace warp and woof of life. But these are just the events which God uses for the culture of our powers, and readiness for the critical moment is reached through long discipline in the school of the commonplace. The assurance that one will be calm in the time of trial is won from the fact that he has been patient and steady in the round of common care. Fret and rebellion within the sphere of the small means failure to grasp and control the great.

Thus it comes about that God lends such dignity to the commonplace details out of which He makes the beautiful whole of a human life. The service of a mother to the needs of her child, the gift of a strong man to the drudgery of his daily toil, even the harder task of resignation to bodily weakness—these are taken by the Master of life and made in-

crements of strength and avenues of power to the soul that receives every experience reverently from the hand of the Father.

Thus you may see no horizon beyond the narrow one that shuts in your commonplace life. But God does, and He is preparing you for the larger sphere through your fidelity in the little world that you see. There may seem to be no tomorrow for you while you are so enmeshed in the cares and burdens of today. But God is making tomorrow possible for you, a larger tomorrow than you dream, simply through the opportunities for service and perfection that come to you today in the guise of small and sometimes disagreeable duties. Remember, then, that as your childhood's bondage to letter and word made possible your freedom later in John and Shakespeare, so today's commonplace task and deed is preparing you for the large conquest when you shall have been made ready. Happy is he who counteth the gift and the blessing that come in every opportunity to do humble duties faithfully for God and for one's fellowmen.

JABEZ BUNTING --- BY THE AID OF "SIDE LIGHTS"

JABEZ BUNTING stands out in Wesleyan Methodist history as her greatest statesman and greatest man, second only to Wesley himself. Like Wesley, his greatness was many-sided and he was masterful in all. Naturally he is a less familiar character to American Methodists, and a whole generation has passed since he left the stage of action; but no other personality is so prominent in Wesleyan history, no other man so controlled and shaped the second stage of its thought and life. The "Side Lights" on that history—the subject of a recent editorial (see *HERALD* of Aug. 10)—bring up afresh the history of this remarkable man, and bring out still more clearly the greatness of his power in the church which he ruled for a generation.

In 1799, at the age of twenty, Bunting was admitted to the Conference. Almost immediately he gave evidence of unusual talent, and promise of the remarkable career which was before him. In a very few years he was in the forefront of the noted men of the Conference, including then such men as Adam Clarke and Joseph Benson. In 1828 he was elected president of the Conference, as already he was its guiding spirit, and for thirty years held the complete mastery. He was four times elected president, but "whoever might be president, Mr. Bunting was the prime minister who never went out of office." It is believed that in forty years no action was taken by the Conference in opposition to his advice. Almost no subject was introduced or allowed to be discussed without his sanction. He alone in all the history of the connection ventured to disregard and override a legal ruling of the president in the chair. His distinguished son, W. M. Bunting, as independent as himself if not as masterful, who with deepest reverence for his father's greatness and goodness yet often stood in the liberal ranks against his conservatism,

said: "My father is allowed to say what no one else may say." Not only did he give direction to business when present in the Conference, but Conference hardly ventured to do business in his absence. Once, instead of going on with its business, Conference actually adjourned for a day because Dr. Bunting was not present, and more than once business was "reduced to a talking against time" for the same reason. Practically, one man was a majority of the Legal Hundred.

He never sought office—and this was one element of his power—but every possible office and responsibility was



JABEZ BUNTING

thrust upon him by his brethren. Equally he never shrank from responsibility, though he demanded all the rights and immunities which belonged thereto. For eighteen years he was missionary secretary, and from its establishment in 1834 was also president of the Wesleyan Theological Institution. Much of this time he was chairman of a district and a member of the stationing committee of the Conference, in which, from his knowledge of the whole Conference, and especially of the young men admitted from the Theological Institution, he held almost absolute power.

Nor was Dr. Bunting over-modest in the exercise of the power committed to him. He ruled the Conference with an absoluteness and severity which gave to him the title of "Methodist Pope." A high authority has said: "No merely episcopal analogy could adequately set forth the authority of Dr. Jabez Bunting, whose little finger was thicker than Archbishop O'Reighton's loins. Himself the centre of a little circle of London officials, who formed his college of cardinals, he decided infallibly every question that arose in the great church of which he was a minister. What he did not approve was not Methodism." More than once when a strong opposition was developed he threatened to resign all his offices if his policy was not adopted. Once while president of the Conference he actually stopped all business by leaving the chair, and declared that he would adjourn the Conference—as the president had power to do—if the opposition persisted. His severe repression, reproof, and even humiliation, of members of the Conference—some of the ablest men of the body even—read in cold type seem so wholly unjust, not to say tyrannical, that we wonder how the

body of ministers could have allowed, much less sanctioned, it.

He is not always careful to be consistent with himself in his action, so that one of his critics declares that "The clue to his career is given in his advice, 'Adapt your principles to your exigencies.'" He is a stickler for strict construction; yet his illegal intrusion into the Leeds Special District Meeting was equally revolutionary and disastrous. He condemned his successors in the presidency and the editorial chair for doing just what he had done before them. He condemns liberals in the Conference for writing and speaking for their party, but himself goes on the hustings for Tory candidates and writes for Tory periodicals.

What, then, is there to offset these imperfections?

Of the man it must suffice to say that he is represented as physically a perfect type of manhood in form and feature, with a voice of wonderful power and flexibility. His reading of a hymn or Scripture lesson gave added meaning to poet or revelation. He was unequalled in readiness, tact and skill in debate, in power of argument, strength of appeal, and grace of persuasion. As a platform speaker no man was in such demand. As a preacher, while not equal to several of his brethren, like Dr. Beaumont and Dr. Newton, in flights of eloquence or melting pathos, he was in the front rank of pulpit men.

His marvelous capacity for devising and mastering broad plans and minute details, and for varied and diverse administration, are attested by his mastery of every department of Wesleyan government. Withal, his social power was wonderful, attracting and attaching to himself the young and the old.

Most of all, he convinced adherents and opponents alike of his remarkable unselfishness. Men felt that they were "face to face with a good man who lived not for himself, but for the church and people to whom God gave him." "A passionate devotion to Methodism was the root of all. To the advancement of his beloved church he devoted all his powers without stint." The critic who perhaps had most cause of complaint against Dr. Bunting speaks of him as that "great and good man," "the greatest Methodism has yet produced," and expresses his desire to discharge his "indebtedness to the tenderness and sympathy of by far the strongest man I ever knew." His strongest opponent and his most aggrieved brethren alike believed in his utter unselfish devotion to God and His church.

PERSONALS

— Hon. Alden Speare and Dean W. E. Huntington are in the Adirondacks.

— John S. Candler, a brother of Bishop W. A. Candler of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is colonel of the Third Georgia Regiment.

— The following interesting note is received from Dr. J. W. Hamilton, bearing date of Aug. 2: "I am writing you from the tomb of Samuel Wesley, where John his son preached to the people of Epworth. There

is sacredness in this spot as much as in the home of the saints who are in the Calendar. Let us fashion our Methodism after the old type! Love to the brethren."

— Mr. Joshua Merrill, president of the Wesleyan Association, is at Upper Dam, Me., for two weeks.

— Rev. P. Roes Parrish, of Romeo, Mich., who is supplying, very acceptably, St. Mark's Church, Brookline, for the month of August, after calling upon Dr. and Mrs. William Butler at Newton Centre, writes the *Michigan Christian Advocate*: "They had just returned from a few weeks at the seaside, but the return trip had greatly exhausted him. Mrs. Butler is a delightful old saint, to sit in whose presence is a benediction. Ask our people in Michigan to pray for these aged founders of our missions in India and Mexico."

— The *Western Christian Advocate* of last week says: "Bishop Newman had anticipated the presidency of the Cincinnati Conference with much prayerful expectation, and had made all necessary arrangements for the occasion. But his restoration to full vigor has not been sufficiently rapid to justify his doing so. His physicians have recommended a sea-voyage, which will probably interfere with all official engagements for this autumn. Bishop Vincent will preside at the Cincinnati Conference."

— Rev. George Whitaker, D. D., and Mrs. Whitaker are at Georges Mills, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

— It turns out that the author of the exceedingly original work, "Christ and the Critics," is none other than Dr. R. J. Cooke, professor of theology at Chattanooga. He is the author also of "The Historic Episcopate," "Reasons for Church Creed," "Christianity and Childhood," "The Doctrine of the Resurrection," and other works of recognized value in Methodist literature.

— Rev. G. W. Kirby, of the Methodist Church in Brantford, Ontario, Canada, is spending a part of his vacation in this city, and is visiting places of historic interest in and about Boston.

— Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Pickles and daughter are at Boothbay Harbor, Me., for the remainder of the month of August.

— In a note from Rev. Dr. John Reid Shannon to the editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, dated London, he says: "We sail for America the first week of October. Bishop and Mrs. Warren are in London. The Bishop and I had a glorious bicycle ride yesterday. The Bishop came to London to be in attendance upon and to speak at the World's Sabbath-school Convention. They sail for the United States the middle of August. Up to that time the Bishop will be at work on a special subject in the British Museum Library."

— Rev. J. W. Lindsay, D. D., is at Franconia Notch, N. H.

— The venerable Dr. Asbury Lowrey, of Germantown, Philadelphia, fell on July 11 and sustained a serious fracture of his thigh bone, which resulted in his death, Aug. 5. The funeral obsequies took place at First Church, Germantown, on Monday, the 8th, and at St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, on Wednesday, the 10th. Dr. Lowrey was a man of recognized ability throughout the denomination and was universally beloved.

— Gov. George Wesley Atkinson, of West Virginia, is a candidate for the United States Senate, to succeed Senator Faulkner.

— Rev. Everett L. Meserve, of Boston University School of Theology, is supplying the Methodist pulpit in Galveston, Ind., during the absence of the pastor, Rev. G. W. Green. Mr. Meserve writes: "The *HERALD* comes to hand each week, and I value it highly. Fifty-five years it has come to our

homes (my father's and mine), so of course we are very friendly now."

— President W. P. Thirkield, of Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, is at Chautauqua.

— Rev. Stowell L. Bryant, pastor of St. Mark's Church, Washington, D. C., has been spending some days in this city. We hear excellent reports of his present pastorate from those who attend on his ministry.

— Rev. M. S. Kaufman, D. D., of Brockton, is at Chautauqua.

— President James B. Angell, retiring minister of the United States to Turkey, has informed the State Department at Washington that he has taken his leave of the Sultan and is on his homeward way. As minister to Turkey Mr. Angell does not seem to have made a flattering record.

— Bishop Taylor is resting quietly in Santa Clara, Cal. His voice is broken, but he occasionally preaches.

— Timothy Hü, interpreter to the United States Consulate at Foochow, son of Rev. Hü Sing Mi, died at Foochow, July 1, in Christian faith and hope. He was baptized in infancy by Dr. S. L. Baldwin.

— Rev. Philip Phillips, son of the "Singing Pilgrim" and for three years assistant rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York city, died at his home in Delaware, O., after a year's illness, Aug. 4, aged 30 years.

— Rev. Frederick Woods, D. D., of Broadway Church, West Somerville, is taking his vacation near Mt. Kineo, Me., where he has gone for several years.

— Rev. Bartholomew Lampert, D. D., presiding elder of Chicago District, Chicago German Conference, one of the most prominent ministers in German Methodism, died, on Aug. 7, at the age of 52. He was a graduate of German Wallace College at Berea, Ohio, and had been in the ministry twenty-eight years. He represented his Conference in the last General Conference, and was made a member of the General Missionary and Church Extension Committees. He leaves a wife and six sons.

— Bishop Walden opened the Sweden Conference at Upsala, Aug. 10, and Bishop Cranstoun the annual meeting of Korea Mission at Seoul, Aug. 11.

— Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins has been at Dr. Foster's Sanitarium, Clifton Springs, N. Y., for a few weeks. Dr. G. M. Steele is still there.

— Mr. Moody is to be commended and imitated because of his robust and cheery type of piety. He has always won the heart of young Christians because he believes in a Christianity which can smile, be buoyant, and have a good time. None of the monastic and gloomy ideas and ways that are often the principal capital of a large class of religionists, cling to this great man. This spirit was manifested last week at Northfield when he said to his young people that he would be glad to have a corn roast or a clam bake with them, and added: "You haven't got to be talking about the Lord all the time to be a Christian. I run away from a person who won't talk about anything else."

— Everybody except the machine politician would hope for better things for the city and State of New York if, as is suggested, Col. Roosevelt should be nominated and elected governor. We have an enthusiastic admiration for this man. He is thoroughly manly, courageous and conscientious. Knowing his duty, he dares to do it without consulting anybody. It is refreshing in these nerveless times to see a man like Roosevelt who will express his convictions without stopping to ask what effect they will have upon him or his party, or whether even his

friends will be pleased or displeased. May his tribe increase!

—Rev. Robert Newton Young died at Birmingham, England, Aug. 1, during the session of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Hull. Dr. Young entered the ministry in 1851, and after serving two years as assistant classical tutor at Richmond he began circuit work. In 1877 he was appointed classical tutor at Headingly, and four years later was transferred to Handsworth College. From 1881 to 1886, after twenty years of assistant secretaryship, he was secretary of Conference; in 1883 he was senior representative from the British to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and in 1886 the honor of the presidency was conferred upon him. He was well known as British correspondent of the *New York Christian Advocate*. Dr. Young was a recognized authority on all questions involving a knowledge of Methodist polity and discipline.

—The latest steamer, "Victoria," from Yokohama, brings the following sad tidings of two of the most efficient missionaries of the W. F. M. S.: Miss Belle J. Allen and Miss Maude E. Simons were killed in Yokohama harbor, July 30, as the result of a collision of a junk with the steam-launch on which they were returning to the pier, after bidding good-bye to friends sailing for America. Both were graduates of Ohio Wesleyan University.

BRIEFLETS

Perhaps no American scholar was better prepared to answer the defamatory statements which Mr. Smalley has made against Gladstone than our own President Little, of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. Dr. Little's pen blazes with righteous indignation, as the provocation demands.

We are in receipt of a probationers' manual in English, prepared for the English-speaking Methodist Christians in Singapore by Rev. F. H. Morgan of that city, formerly of the Maine Conference.

Dr. Coburn's sermon on "The Silence of Jesus" is particularly thoughtful, suggestive and comforting. Two more in this series of "Modern Methodist Sermons" are due — from Rev. Matt S. Hughes, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Rev. G. S. Butters, of Somerville.

The *Advance* of Chicago notes that "Some weary editor has remarked that the war has proved a good thing for the newspapers, because the people who used to tell the editors how to run their papers are now busy informing the generals how to conduct military operations."

There are a large number of applications for admission into the Wesley Deaconess Order, London, Eng. Seven new probationers are to enter into residence at Mewburn House or Calvert House early in September. A second deaconess sails for Ceylon early in the new connectional year.

Secretary Long, who has so richly earned the right to the few days' vacation which he is enjoying with his family in Hingham, is one of the most distinguished and honored men of the nation. President McKinley has met his great responsibilities with remarkable wisdom and self-poise, but we believe that the man who has been, perhaps, most serviceable to him in these great crises is Secretary Long. With what marked ability he has directed the naval affairs of the country! From all classes of people he has received the highest appreciation. The contrast between his career and that of Secre-

tary Alger has been most striking. Alger stands convicted of reprehensible inefficiency and a sublime capacity for blundering. We are not a little surprised to observe that the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* places a portrait of this man upon its cover. No person ever needed to blush for any act of John D. Long, or was ever called upon to make explanation or apology for him.

WILLIAM RICE

REV. WILLIAM RICE NEWHALL, D. D.

WHAT an argument for immortality his life is! So a great lawyer wrote me on being informed of the death of him whose name heads this column. Of fragile figure, and hand occasionally tremulous with years, so alert was every movement of mind and body, and so blended were the sympathies of youth with the strength of sixty, that the characteristic impression was of one so thoroughly and helpfully alive that he could never die. It is a correct portrait of him whose memory on this first anniversary of his death the *HERALD* gratefully celebrates. Any words of mine may be too personal to please severe taste, for William Rice sat at my grandsire's hearthstone when my father was but a college boy. Yet precisely such intimate association discloses and tests the best qualities of a large life.

Better than large, this was in an unusual degree a complete life, both because of wide range and intense activity prolonged from an early maturity well up to full fourscore years. His boyish hand nailed the incendiary notice of an antislavery meeting on the old bulletin board at Wilbraham, and within a month of his death young men quickened their pace to follow him up the library stairs. Of delicate health, so that he was always obliged to conserve his strength; occasionally prostrated by acute illness, and often compelled to rest because of sheer weariness; so feeble in appearance at his wedding that solicitous friends warned the fair bride that her happiness would soon be cut short; though himself keenly responsive to every bodily mood, he always planned and pushed his plans with undiminished zeal. They concerned many matters and many men. At twenty in the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, filling four leading appointments during the succeeding sixteen years of active service, and second in a General Conference delegation which was led by the mighty Miner Raymond, the work of the Christian ministry was perhaps his dearest pursuit. A popular preacher, marshaling his discourse wherein fine feeling mixed with lucid argument to a compelling conclusion so plain and pungently put that the hearer felt himself a dolt for ever having questioned it, Brother Rice was especially endeared to all his people in their home life. Gifted to advise and swift to soothe the suffering, his old parishioners remember him as a model pastor. That this kind of work — too often in later days misunderstood or clumsily done — had a large place with him is evident from a comment he made a few years ago at a district preachers' meeting. "Pastoral Calls" was the topic, and he remarked: "Sometimes I now have a restless night and dream myself back in Chelsea or Bromfield St. I have the old troubled feeling as to whether I ought not to make more calls. Nothing tells like personal touch with the people." As this was said with glistening eye and vivid tone, we realized how even then he loved such service. All that concerned the policy and progress of the church of his choice aroused his affectionate interest; and often his affection was polemic, for while conservative on such doctrines as have their bases in the great needs of the human heart and in the far reaching revelations of God in history and nature, he always was ready to re-state what was but the expression

of ecclesiastical emergencies. This antislavery agitator of 1840 had the discernment and courage needed in the adjustment of the Methodist Church to present-day problems. The special legislation on infant baptism and consequent recognition of childhood in the church was one of several vital changes in Methodist administration secured by his initiative and steady advocacy. Compelled by ill-health to retire from the itinerancy, he did not abandon either his old interests or activities. They were carried over into the new occupation with which he soon busied himself. He never ceased to preach and write theological papers, though the preaching of the last few years took the form of a talk given with characteristic earnestness to an adult Bible class.

So soon as improved health came, he was restless in the affluent home of his father, who was a substantial citizen of the city of Springfield. He at once contradicted a favorite quotation of his lifelong friend, Dr. Geo. M. Steele — "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be" — even as that genial educator has denied it by a half-century of unremitting service to school and college. Always a great lover of books, with the art of quickly mastering their contents, he took charge of a single room stored with pamphlets and volumes that constituted the property of the City Library Association. This ill-lighted, ill-ventilated room, under his wise enthusiasm that devised and developed every legitimate method for raising money and arousing civic interest, became the free City Library of Springfield, which with its adjoining Art Museum, itself a magnificent result of his foresight and the generosity of noble citizens, is a fountain of pleasure and inspiration to one of the fairest cities of the land. It was not enough to have this great enterprise in hand for more than thirty years — or better perhaps because he did have this in hand — he was also largely concerned in public affairs, especially such as have relation to the enlightenment of the people. For eighteen years he was on the school committee of Springfield, and for an equal period a member of the State Board of Education, and a working member of both organizations. For nearly forty years he was trustee of the Wesleyan Academy, and for more than half as long trustee of the Wesleyan University. To these institutions he brought the technical information and broad outlook that came from public service and personal acquaintance with what was best in methods and men of Massachusetts education. Both at Wilbraham and Middletown Dr. Rice was the often consulted adviser who in emergencies became the trusted leader. Confidential committees will recall anxious hours when some happy solution of his eased the situation and cleared up great difficulties. At such times he was lavish of every power, and seemed to have no other business than to help his associates. Withal of such business sagacity that he was president of a local bank, and so patriotic that the 37th regiment claimed him for an honorary member, no public improvement or incidental call of friendship ever failed of his sympathetic and discerning support. He lived largely, and nowhere was this more true than in that choice home whose sacred joys we may not reveal. To have done so much and so well with the approbation of the many, and to have been loved most by those who have known nearest and longest, makes one exclaim, on reviewing his career, in the phrase of the Psalmist, "No good thing didst Thou withhold from him who walked uprightly!"

"This walking uprightly," as he used to say half-humorously to the younger men who gathered round him, "is not as easy for me as may seem." That gentle face had the calm that comes from successful conflict. No recluse was he, but ever stirred by the

reformer's conscience. Simple and strong were the convictions that gave his life symmetry and power. He was to the end a Methodist Christian and a New England American. Of an old Massachusetts family, with Puritan convictions, he ever reserved the Puritan privilege to subordinate personal opinions, his own or his neighbor's, to the public weal. He had Puritan courage, too, and both these ancestral qualities came out when his library reading-room was opened on Sabbath afternoons, or more recently when the yellow journals were excluded from its files. A born abolitionist, he was ready to give freedom to others than Negro slaves. Naturally New England men and policies were dear to him, and like his fast friend, Gilbert Haven, he could have nominated on the instant a New Englander for any office in church or state. Yet in all this he was American, ever ready to correct sectional outlook by broad national perspective.

Of Methodist ancestry, too, was he, for his father, one of the founders of the Wilbraham Academy, had identified himself with the followers of Asbury at a time when they were a feeble folk and under the ecclesiastical ban of our early parish laws. Converted in youth and educated at our oldest Conference school, he was by training and temperament a thoroughgoing Methodist. The simple doctrines and sensible methods of Wesley satisfied him. He was jealous of their preservation in all their original spirit, and ready to defend them from the misunderstanding of those who had been born into other communions, and none the less to protect them from the narrow interpretation of his own brethren. He was fascinated by the statesmanship fully as much as convinced by the theology of Wesley. One supplements the other. Devoted to his own church, but without any sectarian twist of intellect, he had fellowship with Christians of every name. He could talk confidentially with a Roman Catholic Bishop and sit as a member of a Congregational Council convened to test the orthodoxy of a candidate for ordination. Those who met him in the intimacy of frank theological discussion remember how hospitable his mind was to every new fact or fresh voice, while himself inflexible in his adherence to the cardinal truths of the faith. His own trust did not depend on the resurrection of a dead digamma, and with magnificent scorn he would demolish the petty defences of those who were slaves of tradition and letter. Scientific discoveries and archaeological finds, with their consequent influence on Biblical criticism, only furnished him with new evidence for the stability of the old foundations. Daily trust in Christ as the only Saviour, which had commenced at the family altar in childhood, was the never-failing source of strength. Of him Bengel's maxim was true: "The heart makes the theologian." And if Methodist lineage and life dominated his thinking, it was only that thus more perfectly he caught the Master's spirit and followed His example. The sweep and certainty of Wesley's outlook, together with his superior practical wisdom, found a natural response in one who was proud of his New England Christian democracy.

Those vital convictions with him were bound to find expression on all appropriate occasions. They explained in part the fact that he was of the intuitional rather than logical mind. Precisely the opposite often seemed true. In speech or essay so many facts were advanced, and so marshaled with painstaking detail in mathematical regularity, that his conclusions appeared the result of a rigorous scientific inquiry. There was searching investigation, undoubtedly, and Dr. Rice was always of active, thoughtful mind, knowing the latest book and having talked with the radical expert, but his conclusions on important matters seemed

to come to him spontaneously. Afterward the thesis was elaborated for the benefit of others. The acute listener often failed to realize that argument had closed and appeal commenced. The strangely sympathetic voice, compelling emphasis, and vast oratorical action which brought into play every nerve and muscle until in stature and strength he fairly towered above his auditors, are responsible for many a brilliant victory on Conference floor or before civic committee. He had the genius of a great advocate and could have convinced any jury on any subject which thoroughly roused his feelings. He went in to win because beforehand he had become clearly convinced of the reasonableness and righteousness of his cause. When a friend remarked in a conversation about important legislation in which he had been prominent, "You have been a great fighter in your day, Doctor," he replied with a look of childlike surprise, "No, I never loved controversy. Many times I have tried in every way to avoid an open conflict, talked long with men and tried to bring opposing factions together, until finally I was compelled in self-respect to take sides and assert my position. Then, of course, I threw myself in and," with a twinkling flash of the eye, "usually to some purpose." It was his thorough survey of a situation that made him when action was once entered an indomitable debater. Every expedient and method became legitimate. He never flinched or faltered where lesser men sought compromise. But when the vote had been taken—and it was usually in his favor if taken immediately at the conclusion of one of his speeches—he was again the genial friend whom you felt somehow certainly agreed with you on every other topic save that which had been so summarily settled.

This predominance of strong natural feeling, united to a plain common sense that rarely failed, made him a brother to all kinds of people and kept him ever youthful. Our great men, benefactors like Isaac Rich and Horace Smith, educators like Cummings or Warren, and Bishops like Haven and Andrews, were among his intimate associates. Mayors and merchants sought his counsel. But the boys of the Conference and the children of the city just as truly absorbed his affections. No one in need applied to him in vain, and it did not so much matter who was the applicant or what the need. Down went the book, around your shoulder crept his hand, and from his lips came story or suggestion. Many times this librarian thus interrupted his work. And in times of grief what a comfort was he! The suffused eye and tender accent so strangely blended with stalwart reliance on the God of all comfort made sorrow somehow rational and opened the gates of deliverance.

It was difficult to think of him as an old man. He rejoiced in his own youth and that of others. Young men and children were admitted to confidential companionship. He shared their plans and there was no note of condescension in his interest in their affairs. The play instinct which psychologists tell us is a sure token of healthy living never left him. He enjoyed games and parades and, what was better, was not ashamed that he did. "Beat them, didn't you?" was his greeting to me one Sabbath morning at the church altar after a Wesleyan Academy football victory of the preceding day. He had himself the frankness and modesty of youth; would tell a novice how he liked his speech and then ask with unaffected interest, "And what did you think of mine?" Yet he shrank from public notice and had no liking for the conspicuous. Knowing well his own powers, he was more concerned with their use than their recognition. How he helped us younger men who in recent years have been privileged to be with him! His presence was a constant guide, his incessant

industry a rebuke to our easy-going ways, and his words like martial music. It seems but yesterday that he was stirring us to some new advance. We half expect to meet him on the Springfield streets. There is no death for such.

Yes, a magnificent argument for immortality is such a life, brought to light as it was by the Christian Gospel! A grateful city gives the name of William Rice to its noble library building; many Methodists are glad for the Discipline he mended and the Hymn Book he perfected; and great institutions of learning still profit by his generosity and wisdom; but his best memorial today is not in city or on classic campus—he lives in the larger and nobler life of the generation which he faithfully served and in the far-reaching influences of that simple-hearted trust in Jesus Christ that was his stay and through him was revealed to others. "Useful" was the characteristic word employed in many thoughtful encomiums at the time of his death. Too cold is that word, with a smack of utilitarian philosophy about it. Beneficent is better: doing good right and left with brave heart and open hand is the simple splendid record.

Wilbraham, Mass.

BETTER BEAR HIS OWN BURDEN

THE editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, in his furious onslaught upon the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, concerning the Publishing House claim, quotes a paragraph from ZION'S HERALD which charges "Rev. McTyeire, one of the editors," with falsehood. We desire to say, in explanation of the charge, that it was made thirty-six years ago, during the editorship of Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., in the early days of the Civil War, when there was quite too much crimination and recrimination between the North and the South. The present editor of ZION'S HERALD is, of course, in no way responsible for the accusation, and regrets that the editor of the *Northwestern* should seek to hide behind a paragraph in the HERALD to sustain his case; he would do much better to assume the full measure of the responsibility of his course in this matter.

That the charge was groundless is shown by the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville of last week in an editorial entitled "A Fraternal Courtesy:"—

"Dr. Arthur Edwards has found his opportunity; and, as a matter of course, he is using it. In a recent article on the 'Publishing House Claim,' he republishes a paragraph which appeared in the *Northwestern*, June 25, 1862, 'quoted from ZION'S HERALD, of then recent date,' which paragraph notes the fact that the Publishing House had been seized by the Federal authorities, and adds: 'Rev. McTyeire, one of the editors, undertook to deceive Lieutenant Colonel Kennett, stating that certain articles of machinery in the basement of the house were used for printing, when they were actually used for manufacturing parts of gun-carriages. Pikes were found stored there. If that is so, we think the property should be confiscated.' How much truth there is in these statements may be inferred from the fact that Dr. McTyeire was never in Nashville for a day after the arrival of the Federal army until the close of the war. It ought to be enough to traduce the living without slandering the dead. If Dr. Edwards has the high instincts with which we have always credited him, he will promptly and explicitly make the ample apology for his offense."

THE SILENT SONG

D. W., June 13, 1893.

PROF. BENJ. F. LEGGETT.

Above the sparrow's grassy nest
The willow whispers cease,
The wind-turned leaves fall back to rest
Amid the hush of peace.

O changeful days! O fickle suns!
The kill-deer calls and calls
Above the brooklet's minor runs,
And where the silence falls.

Now sunshine giveth place to rain
Across the meadow-lands;
And after cease of weary pain,
The peace of folded hands.

And since the days of summer bring
One silence deep and long,
Less bonny seems the bluebird's wing,
Less sweet the thrush's song.

Ward, Pa.

MR. SMALLEY'S DEFAMATION
OF GLADSTONE

PRESIDENT CHARLES J. LITTLE.

WHEN a writer prefixes to an article a protest that he means to tell only the truth, one needs to be on one's guard. Mr. G. W. Smalley thus begins his reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone in the August *Harper*, and I purpose showing by a specimen or two what sort of reporter this cunning insinuator is.

Let me quote one passage to which I refer: "We were once discussing Renan. His 'Vie de Jésus' is a dull book," said Mr. Gladstone. The remark fairly astounded those who heard it. Of all the criticisms on that book none like this had ever before been known. It may be anything else, irreligious, infidel, impious, what you will—but the man who could find it dull must be a man to whom all literature is dull, and Mr. Gladstone is certainly not that man. But he declared that he had tried to read it, and could not. *The same thought came into the minds of all of us. He dared not finish it. He shrunk from the chance of finding fixed beliefs unsettled—religious beliefs perhaps, historical beliefs certainly.*"

Now I was not present, certainly, at the conversation that Mr. Smalley reflects from his peculiar mind. But the part of Mr. Smalley's report that I have put into italics can fortunately be dealt with. The venom of it is perceptible. Mr. Smalley's meaning is, Gladstone was a Christian because he was an intellectual coward. Well! By common consent Renan's "Life of Jesus" is a flimsy performance compared with the famous books of Strauss. Yet Mr. Gladstone not only read the last of Strauss' books, but reviewed it. And here is what the German scholar said of Mr. Gladstone. I translate from a pamphlet published by Strauss in 1873:—

"Not quite so jauntily [as certain German critics] did the English Premier appear to take my book, for he found it worthy of a detailed refutation in an address delivered recently at Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone has not grasped my views with entire accuracy and he has combated them in a manner that some of my German critics would consider weak; but my own countrymen could learn from this distinguished foreigner much that

they do not know. They might learn from him at any rate how a serious-minded and thoughtful statesman recognizes the same conscientious earnestness even in a writer whose influence he regards as pernicious, and how a genuine gentleman speaks of a man of whom he must admit that he has devoted a long life to the investigation of the truth and that he has sacrificed all his worldly prospects by avowing what seemed to him to be the truth."

Compare these words of Strauss with Mr. Smalley's inference that Gladstone was afraid to finish Renan's book! Mr. Smalley should stick to reminiscence; what he is pleased to call his reason is sadly out of repair.

Again, this adroit insinuator asserts that Gladstone hated Gordon. But hear him further: "I never knew why, unless it were Gordon's religious mysticism and entire religious independence." Would any one suspect that Gladstone shared to a marked degree Gordon's religious views? If Mr. Smalley had any clear conception of mysticism he would have used some other term.

Gordon's fatalism was exactly Mr. Gladstone's. "After, but not before, an event has happened, it expresses the will of God." Gordon's thoughts about the Real Presence were also Mr. Gladstone's. Gordon, however—as Lucas Malet said in his splendid tribute to him—Gordon was a fanatic and the soldier in him ensanguined the saint. In this the two men differed widely. But let this go. Mr. Smalley quotes not a word of Gladstone that breathes hatred of the hero of Khartoum. What, then, are his proofs?

First, that Gladstone refused to see Gordon when he came to London from Brussels before he started for Egypt. Secondly, that he looked so diabolically angry when he first read Gordon's farewell telegram! "Gordon," writes Mr. Smalley, "arrived in London on the night of the 18th. Mr. Gladstone in answer to a message sent word that he was unable to see General Gordon that evening. Gordon, all impatience as he was to be off, waited twenty-four hours; but during all these four and twenty hours there was not one which the Prime Minister found himself able to give to his envoy."

Now, unfortunately for Mr. Smalley's accuracy, General Gordon's brother has published in a preface to the General's Khartoum journals quite a different statement: "He reached London on the morning of the 18th and was on his road to Khartoum upon that evening." This statement of H. W. Gordon, written and published when the events were still fresh in his own mind, makes Mr. Smalley's four and twenty hours, twice repeated, somewhat difficult to place. How to get them in between the morning and the evening of the eighteenth would puzzle even an accomplished journalist; and therefore Mr. Smalley writes deliberately, "Gordon left on the evening of the 19th." "From his own lips I have it that Mr. Gladstone never saw Gordon. The rest of the facts can be verified otherwise." Well! Loving Mr. Gladstone after long and faithful study of him, I did not believe Mr. Smalley and I hunted up the journals. Gordon's brother says that on the evening of the 18th—not the 19th, as Mr. Smalley as-

serts—the General was on his road to Khartoum.

Mr. Smalley's dramatic account of how he watched Gladstone as he read for the first time Gordon's memorable despatch is a self-revelation the uncanniness of which makes one shudder slightly. Espionage is a French word; but journalism has developed a new species of spy, of which Mr. Smalley is an interesting, albeit not a pleasant, specimen—the English country house species. "As he read [where was Mr. Smalley standing, I wonder] his face hardened and whitened, the eyes burned, as I have seen them once or twice in the House of Commons, burned with a deep fire as if they would have consumed the sheet on which Gordon's message was printed. He said not a word. For perhaps two or three minutes he sat still, his face all the while like the face you may read of in Milton, like none other I ever saw. Then he rose, still without a word, left the room and was seen no more that morning."

Like none other I ever saw. Naive confession! Mr. Smalley seems quite familiar with the lineaments of the face you may read of in Milton. "Like none other I ever saw," forsooth! But pray how did Mr. Smalley know what Gladstone was angry at? Does he read the thoughts of men so infallibly? Gladstone, he tells us, said not a word. His face hardened and his eyes blazed. Surely there was enough in that miserable Egyptian business to stir his wrath against friends and foes and himself. Why must that terrible look mean, of necessity, hatred of Gordon whom he never saw? A mind so powerful, a memory so tremendous, calls up a whole situation with all its causes in such a moment. The Khartoum business is still open to discussion. Mr. Gladstone's part in it we shall probably know more about now that death makes explanation possible. As it is, we know that he neither proposed nor approved the going of Gordon to the Sudan. Was he, perhaps, when he wore that terrible look, angry at himself that he had not resigned rather than yield against his own judgment? Was he, perhaps, angry at the disobedience, incompetency and obstinacy of others, which had combined to ruin Gordon and to fasten upon himself a stigma that he did not deserve? Mr. Smalley's corner of observation may not have been the best; or "the face that you read of in Milton" might have become so prevalent in Mr. Smalley's mind, that, as happens often to prepossessed observers, he saw only the reflection of what he wished to see. It was quite possibly a case of mental expectancy; what he really saw was a deeply moved and possibly a deeply wronged man.

But Mr. Smalley infers from Gladstone's terrible look when reading Gordon's telegram that "it illustrated a side of his character not very creditable to him. He [Gladstone] was never at a loss for a reason against liking a man who either stood in his path, or crossed his purpose, or absorbed too much out of the general stock of popularity, or filled too large a space in the public eye. Not one of these reasons would seem to him

the true one." Could a meaner sentence be written about the friend of John Bright and Richard Church, and the worshiper of Sir Robert Peel? In plain English, Gladstone was consumed with envy and did not know it! Was Bright a member of the Church of England? If not, what does Mr. Smalley mean by saying that John Morley was the one chief exception to Gladstone's rule of admitting nobody to his confidence who was not of that communion? Surely he does not mean that, in spite of their differences towards the last, Bright and Gladstone did not trust and admire each other! And Matthew Arnold is invoked to stab John Morley with the remark that "hysterical passion is the besetting danger of men of letters on the platform and in Parliament." What Mr. Arnold's political judgments were worth appears in his letters; he was invariably wrong in his predictions upon the course of events. He could not construct the smallest fragment of a political curve. He had more *Geist* and less foresight than any man of letters in the last half century. But Mr. Smalley must explain in some way the bigoted Gladstone's tolerance of the distinguished free-thinker. There was no other hypothesis for his perspicacity. Gladstone trusted Morley because "he allowed himself to be swayed by feeling and even by passion." Gordon, of course, never allowed himself to be swayed by feeling! So! Gladstone hated Gordon for his religious mysticism and his religious independence, and he loved Morley in spite of his agnosticism and his religious independence because "he was ever a man of sentiment." And yet Mr. Smalley could write, "I hope I have not at any time forgotten what is due to a great name." For himself, if not for Mr. Gladstone, he has the charity that hopeth all things.

Let any reader of these "reminiscences and anecdotes" take a pencil and strike through all insinuation or comment. How pitiful the remainder! It might be put in half the space and be, as a result, twice as valuable. A specimen of this peculiar embroidery will, however, prove instructive. The article concludes with a remarkable instance of Gladstone's amazing memory. "Now I ask you," said the minister who told the story, "how are you to stand up against a man with such a memory as that?" There was no answer to this query. In this instance it was the transcendent fullness and accuracy of Mr. Gladstone's recollection which carried the day—very possibly against reason and against convenience."

Note, first, the utter irrelevance of this venomous suggestion. Turn then to the beginning of the story: "The argument perhaps leaned to Mr. Gladstone's side. When this colleague found himself hard pressed, he said, 'There is no precedent.' Why, then, declare, when the astonishing memory produces the precedent, that 'it carries the day very possibly against reason and against convenience?' What right has a man to play the judge with Mr. Gladstone who cannot maintain consistency through half a page?"

Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ills.

MODERN METHODIST SERMONS

VI

REV. C. M. COBERN, D. D.

"But Jesus gave him no answer." — JOHN 19: 9.

WE have often heard of the wonderful words of Jesus, but have we ever thought of His equally wonderful silences? The Bible statements on this subject are very impressive. The Word says: "And the high priest stood up in the midst and asked Jesus saying, Answerest thou nothing? What is it that these witness against thee? But he held his peace and answered nothing. . . . And when he was accused by the chief priests and elders he answered nothing. . . . Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he gave him no answer, not even to one



REV. CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D.

Rev. Dr. Cobern, whom we here present, is forty-one years of age, a graduate of Allegheny College and Boston University. He is a member of the American Oriental Society, contributing member of the Biblical Archaeological Society of Great Britain, associate of the Victoria Institute and honorable local secretary of both the Egyptian and Palestine Exploration Funds. He spent 1889-'90 in special studies in the museums of Europe, in Egypt and the Holy Land; in 1892 was a member of the Ninth International Congress of Orientalists (London); published in '93 an extensive work on "Ancient Egypt in the Light of Modern Discoveries," and is engaged on the commentaries of Ezekiel and Daniel (Whedon Series). This literary work has been accomplished in the midst of most heavy and successful pastorates, notably at Cass Ave., Detroit; Jefferson Ave., Saginaw; First Church, Ann Arbor; and in his present charge, Trinity Church, Denver. In his five years' pastorate in Ann Arbor 77 were received into the church. Trinity Church, which is often because of its magnificence called the "Methodist Cathedral of Denver," offers an immense field for every energy and capacity which its pastor possesses. Every department of the church is flourishing. Under the inspiration and leadership of Dr. Cobern, the entire indebtedness upon this property, amounting to some sixty thousand dollars, was raised, and the pledges, averaging five hundred dollars a week, are being promptly paid.

word, inasmuch that the governor marveled greatly. . . . And when he knew that he was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him unto Herod, and he questioned him in many words, but he answered him nothing. . . . And Herod with his soldiers set him at naught and mocked him, and arraying him in gorgeous apparel sent him back to Pilate; and he entered into the palace again and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer." Calm, serene, majestic silence was His only defence before His accusers. And this was proof of highest wisdom, for if He had spoken with the tongue of an angel His condemnation would

still have been certain. The Sanhedrin had not assembled to try Him, but to condemn Him.

It is to be noticed, also, that His silence at the trial was no more wise than His silences in the three years which had preceded. He was ever surrounded by unscrupulous, spying, criticising auditors. Yet, in public debate and private conversation, this teacher, who was always talking, never spoke one word that He ever wished to recall or change or modify. There never was a time when race prejudice was more pronounced, when religious hate was more bitter, when politics were of more absorbing interest. Yet though this man was a religionist of the most pronounced type, the publicans and sinners were His friends. Though He was of the royal house, He refused to preach politics; though He was a Jew, He never said an inconsiderate against word a Samaritan or a Roman. Indeed, He was able to choose among the twelve a publican who had taken office under the Romans, and Simon the Zealot who had sworn a great oath never to be at peace with Rome until the Jews had thrown off their yoke and trampled their oppressors under their feet. One rash word, and these two men would have been at each other's throats, but He never spoke the rash word and never allowed it to be spoken; but so changed these men into His spirit that they could sit together and work together in peace.

What He said and what He refrained from saying were equally divine. In all His uttered words there is not one to which the best cultured hearts and consciences of the nineteenth century can take exception. He discussed the nature of God, the mystery of the future world, the destiny of man, the duty of man socially, civilly, religiously; He sought to give the world a complete and perfect system of ethics; He took exception to the most thoroughly believed axioms of philosophy and morals, and yet in all these off-hand conversations, touching almost all the vast questions which had ever disturbed the human breast, there is not one sentiment, there is not one single affirmation, which the learning and thought of the past eighteen and a half centuries have outgrown. What a divine silence it is which holds a man back from ever saying a foolish thing, from ever uttering a weak or inaccurate or mistaken statement. Of no other one whose words have been tested by the growth of the world for half a century can this be said. Of every philosopher, of every historian, of every scientist, of every teacher of religion but one, it must be said that at times they "erred with their lips." Silence on these points would have saved them from blundering, but only one who ever spoke at all has kept this divine silence. He was as wonderful in what He did not say about Himself, about God, about heaven, and about the future, as in what He did say in His marvelous revelations.

The question, however, presses itself upon us sometimes: Why was this silence of Jesus maintained on so many points upon which we long for enlightenment? Perhaps we cannot answer this question fully, but often the spirit in which the question was asked affected the answer. To the indifferent, to the proud, to the one wise in his own conceits, Jesus gave no answer. When Pilate asked Him, "Whence art thou?" He gave him no answer; but to His disciples He said, "I come from the Father, out of the glory which I had before the world was." To the scoffing crowd who asked, "What sign shonest thou?" He replied, "An evil generation seeketh after a sign, and no sign shall be given it;" but to His disciples He described the sign of the Son of man, and "did many signs" in the presence of His disciples. Thus it happens today. To the questionings of those wise men who read the Bible in a proud and haughty spirit, Jesus gives no

answer, while to the humble soul the Word of God is opened, as if by the Spirit of all truth.

Again, there was a certain class of questions which Jesus ever ignored — frivolous, smart questions, or speculative, inquisitive questions. "Are there few that be saved?" asked the Jewish theologian, and Jesus gave him no answer, but looked at him pityingly and said, "Are you saved? Strive to enter in yourself, for many will not be saved." Personal questions of duty and spiritual privilege Jesus was always ready to answer, and is today; but to the speculative questions which did not vitally touch the personal religious life Jesus gave no answer and often yet gives none.

Again, many of our questions of the Bible and of God are of such a nature that it would be better for us to search out the answer for ourselves. Questions as to the origin of sin, the dealings of God with the heathen, the power and scope of the human will, the harmony of the divine omnipotence and human responsibility, the exact nature and degree of prophetic and apostolic inspiration, the right relations that ought to exist between capital and labor — these and hundreds of other deep and important questions there are to which no complete answer is given by Revelation. Since no answer is given, no doubt it is best that He giveth no answer. It must have been best not to give us all the truth now. Enough mystery has been left in the universe to quicken the intellects of men and of angels forever. If we had a revelation of which we could grasp the whole, it would be no more inspiring to us than our A B Cs, but as it is, through all eternity we may continue to grow in knowledge. Have you never thought how the reticence of God and of His Son in these respects is like the reticence of nature? Mankind has questioned for ages: What is this earth? What was its origin? How did it come here? What is its position in the universe? Of what are the stars made? Whence hath the sun its light? God might have told Adam the answer to these questions, but the world had to wait thousands of years for Kepler and Newton and others before it got the answer. It was better for man that this came as a discovery and not as a revelation. So it may be with the great mystery of sin and sin's eternal effect on the soul, of salvation and the nature and work of the Son of God, and of the mission of the redeemed in the everlasting life. These are themes vast enough to tax all the mental resources of seraphim and archangels to understand them, and yet there are some so foolish as to expect to grasp the whole subject in their puny fingers, and if they find after a little examination that they cannot understand all the mysteries of God and of eternity they dismiss the subject as unworthy of their continued attention. Oh, the superficiality of it! These great questions, even if we get no answer here, are the most helpful and stimulating that can engage the human mind. We may not be able to get the answer to many of our questions, but by reverent thought we can know enough to be sure that what we do not know He knows. The questions which as yet have not been answered can be answered. He knows the answer, and perhaps we will some day, when we walk not by faith but by sight.

And here we see another reason for this divine reticence: It cultivates our faith. This struggle with unanswered questions is not an accident, it develops our moral nature. There is no virtue in accepting as true the multiplication table; however much we may hate the calculation, we are forced to accept it. The result does not depend in the slightest degree upon the delicacy and sensitive poise of conscience and our love of the truth; but many moral and religious questions are only plain to those who love the truth supremely. The deepest questions of life are

only answered to those who ask the questions with the spirit of self-surrender to the truth. Jesus was dumb to the self-righteous Pharisee, but the cry of the penitent thief received a quick response. A man may be a mathematician, a geologist, an astronomer, a philosopher, but unless his eyes are towards the Saviour in humble reverence he loses many answers to great questions. It is not intellectual shrewdness but spiritual discernment that is most needed. God loves to guide His children with His eye. A look from Jesus may be better than a treatise in answer to your questions. Are you full of doubts? Is nature dumb before your queries concerning the why of belching volcanoes and shaking mountains and famine and pestilence and storm? Look unto Jesus! He has the answer, even though He gives you none. He has the answer, and though He gave Pilate no answer, He may have an answer for you. Look to Jesus and you shall have some answer to your question or some strength from His eye to help you wait awhile until the answer comes. The answer may not come now. To most of the questions to which the universe is full and the human heart is full there has come as yet no answer, but the answer is coming. It is waiting for us, if we have patience to wait for it.

There is one here who looks up and looks beyond, and says, I cannot understand God's ways. Why was my heart broken? Why was my treasure taken, and whither has he gone? You who are questioning and getting no answer, take heart. Even of Jesus when He was on earth it could often be said, "He gave no answer." It is seen now to have been a divine silence. Of the holy Book of God it can be said on many points which we would like revealed, it giveth no answer. Of the voices of nature it must be said that they, too, are often reverently silent. Yet remember that Jesus and the Bible and nature, when they do speak, speak confidently of God's care — as constant and tender in His silence as in His speech. That which seems to you the most cruel and inexplicable experience of your life will be seen some day to be the best.

"In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Bushes tall and moss and grass grew round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it;
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it;
But no foot of man ere trod that way —
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

"Earth, in time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep-strung currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the changes! O life! bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost.

"Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day."

So some one here may have had some little fern leaf or lily taken out of your home and life, and your breaking heart cries, "Why? Why?" and Jesus makes you no answer yet; but do you think the life of your beloved is less to Him than the fern of the field which today is, and tomorrow is crushed in the rock? O ye of little faith! No human spirit breathes but has a mission greater than the fern leaf; and if the fern leaf is still busy at its mission a million years, it may be, after it was hidden in its rocky grave, can you believe that your loved one's mission was ended when he entered his grave? Oh, yes,

sometimes I too wish that Jesus had not been silent concerning the

"Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
And all the inhabitants of Heaven."

I would like to read His very words concerning the angelic harmonies, the jublations, the hosannas with which the blessed dead leap into their new life and bow in transport before the throne of God. There is no doubt of this, there is no doubt: —

"About Him all the sanctities of Heaven stand
thick as stars,
And from His sight receive beatitude past utterance."

But why, my heart sometimes walls, why has He made no answer to the blind world's moan for sight? And then there falls upon me like a whisper from the Mount of Olives the reason — the reason Jesus gave — "I have many things to tell you, but you cannot bear them now." Ah! He has given you no answer not because there was no answer, but because the answer was so vast and glorious that ye "cannot bear it now."

Daniel, you remember, was stricken to the earth and made sick by the revelation which came to him of a small part of the mysteries of the future. John the revelator fell on his face as one dead merely at the sight of one who knew the secrets of the Most High. Moses needed to be hidden by the Divine One Himself in order to see just a little of the ineffable glory of God. The heavens were once only rifted for a moment that one, on his way to Damascus, might see the face of the risen Christ, and he fell blinded by excess of light. When we ask in our ignorance, What shall we be? What shall they be who have died in the Lord? we get no answer. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," but we and they shall be with Him, and shall be like Him. That is enough.

The silence concerning the future is a divine and glorious silence which only suggests the infinite resources of knowledge and wonderful surprise soon to be opened before us. Jean Paul Richter said, "I shall die without having seen Switzerland or the ocean, but the ocean of eternity I shall not fail to see." The great philosopher was buried by torchlight, while his unfinished manuscript on the immortality of the soul was burned upon his coffin. That was an unintended parable, for indeed it is true that every human treatise on the immortality of the soul must be unfinished. We ask, What are the glories prepared for those that love Thee? What means that vision of golden streets and gates of pearl and seas that shine like glass and fire? And Jesus give us no answer, but only says, "Wait, wait and see." Ask they great things of the Christ? "Hitherto ye have asked nothing." Ask what ye will, and presently you will receive the strange, glorious, divine answer well worth your waiting for.

No Room for Toppers

THE best temperance lesson ever preached is given in the annual report of the United States commissioner of labor. Mr. Wright has been at pains to ascertain the opinions of employers of labor as to the effect of the use of intoxicating liquors by workmen. Even the most ardent advocate of total abstinence will be surprised to find that of 7,025 establishments, employing 1,745,923 men, 5,383 employers reported that they took into consideration the habits of applicants for positions in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors.

It was found that in some establishments no one using intoxicating liquors was employed. In other cases the prohibition applied to certain occupations only, and in still other cases to employees only when on duty. In all more than one-half of the establishments reporting require in certain occupa-

tions and under certain circumstances that employees shall not use intoxicating liquors.

The fact brought out most clearly by the investigation is that employers are growing more and more to require strict sobriety from the men who do their work, realizing that only thus can faithful and good service be had. The time will soon come, if it has not already arrived, when the man who does not stay sober will be unable to secure any employment whatever.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

HIS LAST CHANCE

RAMSAY GUTHRIE.

WHEN Peter Black fell from grace, a great sadness overshadowed the religious on the colliery. The grocer had been a consistent Christian, and an honored member for ten years, three months, and a week. George Gilchrist knew exactly the duration of Peter's religious career. He remembered the night when Black was "brought in," and he had made the calculation.

Peter had been seen to enter "The Black Horse" with one of the monthly commercials. Some of the landlord's patrons, meeting the caller, taunted him with the perfidy of his co-religionist. Geordie never breathed it to living soul. The tipplers advertised it, and ere night it was known to every Blacker-on resident that Peter had broken his pledge.

The Methodists held decided temperance views. To scores of them total abstinence was the only policy of safety. All the rest regarded rigid abstention as a religious duty. It was one of the primary articles of their faith that teetotalism was included in Christianity. The seriousness of Peter's action was fully apprehended. The breaking of his pledge was the denial of his Lord.

Ah, Peter! Many prayers were said for thee that night! It was the crisis of the grocer's fate.

It was seven of the clock that same night, and the caller sat in the kitchen corner. The sneers of the men who announced Peter's shame had sealed his lips. Even to them he could not reply. The pain in his heart shot through his eye, and cowed the callous pitmen. He had broken his silence to none. Dragging himself home, he sat in his chair, his eyes on the fire, and brooded in secret.

An hour passed away, and only once had he moved. The table stood near, with the Bible in the centre. His hand stole to the book. The touch was a comfort. His lips breathed a prayer.

The latch was lifted, and Ezekiel Tynen stepped within the cottage. So wrapped had been the caller's meditations that Ezekiel's steps had been unheard. The sight of his friend's solemn face opened the flood-gates of Geordie's soul. His eyes filled with tears.

Taking the seat in the opposite corner, Ezekiel joined the silent thinking. Peter's fall had pierced them in the tenderest part. The sins of the worldlings was a heavy weight on the hearts of these two saintly men; but the guilt of a Christian was the thrust of a sword.

Long the silence lasted. It was broken by Ezekiel. "Read about him, Geordie!" he quietly requested. Instinctively the caller knew the Scripture he desired. Wiping the tears from his eyes, and adjusting his spectacles, he opened the book to St. Luke's pages, and read in quivering accents: "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. . . . And Peter followed afar off. And when they had kindled a fire the midst of the hall, and were set

down together, Peter sat down among them."

"Lord; forgive him!" Geordie exclaimed, with sobs in his voice. "Oh! 'Zekiel, he sat down among them at 'The Black Horse.'"

"True, Geordie!" replied Ezekiel, "he did; but read on to the finish."

The caller's eyes were blinded with grief. His glasses were blurred with his tears. "I canna see beyond it," he murmured; "he sat down among them."

Ezekiel drew his spectacles from his inside pocket, and having put them on, he continued the interrupted narrative. "Hark to these two verses, Geordie. . . . 'And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, and Peter remembered the word of the Lord. . . . And Peter went out and wept bitterly.'"

The reading ceased. They fell into silence again. It was but a whisper, but the stillness was such that even a whisper was audible. Peter's faithlessness had shocked the caller's confidence. "He sat down among them," he repeated brokenly. The whisper was a challenge to faith; and Ezekiel accepted it. "Ay, ay; he did; he sat down among them, but, by-and-by, when Jesus looked at him he remembered, and shame drove him out an' penitence broke his heart."

The hands of the clock were nearing the hour of nine when Ezekiel rose to his feet to take his departure. "Geordie Gilchrist!" he said, laying his hand on the arm of his friend, "pray for me, and pray for Peter. I am gannin' to see him noo."

Reaching the house of the grocer, Ezekiel found Mrs. Black alone in the kitchen, and in grim bad humor. The traveler, who had been the tempter, was the object of her wrath, but the passion of her condemnation was reserved for Peter. She had boasted to the Blackerton women of her management of a husband till she considered his good behavior the preservation of her honor.

"You've come to see Black!" she exclaimed, snappishly, as Ezekiel presented himself; "he's in there!" pointing to the front room. "I've said all that can be said to him. It waddent hev happened if I'd been in the shop. He slipped off when my back was turned."

Ezekiel held his peace, and crossed to the room where Peter sheltered.

Poor Peter was sitting in total darkness. He desired no light, and even though he had, his wish would have been resisted. By the light from the kitchen Ezekiel perceived the lonely man seated in the furthest corner of the room. Closing the door, he approached the place where Peter crouched. Ezekiel's entrance was the woman's opportunity to leave. Throwing a shawl across her shoulders, she made her way to the postman's to discuss Black's conduct with her daughter.

The two men were left alone. Neither spoke for several minutes. The good man was wrestling for the soul that had faltered. Peter's heart was callous to bitterness with his wife's cruel censures.

"Peter!" said Ezekiel, "I've come to thee, tonight, because this night may be 'thy last accepted time.' What thou decidest tonight may fix thy fate. I make bold to speak to thee, because where thou now stands, I once stood. I had my last chance, and this may be thine. I come to tell thee tonight what I have never mentioned to any other body. . . . When I was a child, I was filled with the Spirit. God was my very life. My thowts were full of Him. I was a child of God. I loved Him with all my heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. Up to the time I was twelve, I was full of the love of the Father. Folks wonder whether children can be religious. My idea is that children are religious. At any rate I've never been see religious as I was when a bairn. . . . By-and-by, I grieved the Spirit, I got into bad company, and bad company means bad words, bad deeds,

'thowts, and desires. And God slipped oot o' me, an' I never stopped Him. Sometimes I remembered the joys of religion in my young days, and wished they were back, but the wish soon passed away. As I lost God, the devil gripped me, an' the nearer he came, an' the tighter he gripped, the further God went, an' the slacker He held. . . . I was never quite godless. Even in my worst days, I alwies said my prayers. Nee matter hoo I spent the night, I durna hev gone to sleep without kneelin' to say my prayers. And often then I thowt of my childhood, an' wished I was a bairn again. The awful thing about sin is, that once you're in, you get further in. You canna stop. It grips ye like a vice. It binds ye fast wi' chains. . . . One fearful night I slipped into bed without stoppin' to say my prayers. It was the first time, an' the only time. The moment I got in, I knew I'd struck God in the face. It was the unpardonable sin. I had leaped into hell. Some men say there is no hell. I know there is. I was in hell that night. A man needn't die to go to hell. 'The rich man' knew he was in hell. So did I. He was in torments. I was in torments. He lifted up his eyes and cried. That's what I did. I knew it was my last chance. I prayed to God to let me oot of hell. I cried to Him to get me oot. I vowed that if He got me oot I would fear Him to my dying day. I sprang oot of bed, an' went doon on my knees. I prayed for life. I struggled for my soul. It was the last chance. 'The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me.' In springin' oot of bed, I had jumped oot of hell. The hand of the Lord had been lifted to strike. He gave me another chance, and it's the last He will give. If I were to fall into sin noo, I should be beyond the reach of mercy. . . . It's forty years since I was in hell. I have the fear of the Lord alwies before my eyes. I've wished, how I've wished, that I could get the feelin' I had before I was twelve. But it never comes back. Justified noo I am, but I was sanctified when a bairn. Then I had the feelin' of religiop, noo I've only got the faith. I'm saved by faith, an' maybe, by-an'-bye, I'll get the feelin' again. Oh! for the religion of childhood! I understand what Jesus had in His mind, when He set the bairn in the midst. Except ye gan back to your childhood, and realize the religion ye had then, ye canna get into the kingdom of heaven. I left it when I went to sin, but noo I'm on my way back, back from sixty years to ten. Thank God! I've got the faith. In heaven I'll get the feelin'. . . . Peter Black! you've fallen from grace. You've broken your pledge! You've gone into the way of sinners. Like Simon Peter, you've denied your Lord! But you haven't fallen as far as I did. I fell from heaven to hell. . . . There's always hope in the mercy of God. He's big in hope Himself. He gave me manya chance, and, even when I was in hell, He gave me another. But it was the last, the very last. . . . Simon Peter fell; but Jesus gave him a chance, when He turned and looked at him. And Peter took the chance. When the Master looked Peter thowt on, and his heart still had tears. When he went oot to shed them, the Saviour knew His disciple wasn't destitute o' grace." . . .

Ezekiel's soul-revealing ceased. His nature's depths had been stirred in the recital of his life's secrets. He had struggled to triumph. The victory was his. In the darkness he could not discern the grief of the remorseful man; but the angels had observed it, and acquainted all heaven.

"There's still a chance, Peter!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "Let us pray!"

The two men knelt.

In heaven the Saviour heard this prayer: "O Jesus! Thou didst pray for Simon Peter that his faith should not entirely fail. Thy prayer was answered, and weak Simon

became mighty. Peter, the hero of Pentecost, and a glorious missionary. . . . Jesus! Pray for Peter Black! He's slipped, but not fallen. Give him another chance! Strengthen the weak spot in him, and make him like the Peter Thou knew so well on earth, firm as a rock. If only Thou wilt take his case up, his life will be saved. Thou wilt! He is!"

When the grocer's wife returned she found her husband alone — alone with his Saviour.

"In the morning, while it was yet dark," the caller speeding on his rounds observed a light in Peter's front room. He guessed that Peter was up. He did an unusual thing. Tapping at the door, he waited till the grocer appeared. He gripped Peter's hand, and whispered: "Work out your own salvation wif fear an' tremblin'!" — *Christian Commonwealth*.

OLD STERLING CAMP-GROUND

E. G. K.

IN the forties the Worcester District provided camp-meetings only irregularly, but in 1850, after an interval of several years, a camp-meeting was held in Brookfield. Rev. P. Crandall, an able executive minister, was then presiding elder of the district. The next year the services were again held in Brookfield, in September, and during that time the elder called a meeting of the preachers and tent-masters at which a committee of nine were appointed to select a permanent site.

Thus it was that in 1852 Sterling Junction was chosen because it was central, and, as the old records say, "in a community more than ordinarily distinguished for good order and sobriety." That year, 1852, the services began in August, as is now the custom, the first public service at the stand being held Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1852, the 79th birthday of Father Newell, who preached on the preciousness of Christ. During the week eighty converts were reported. About fifty preachers were present.

The next year, 1853, forty societies from central New England were represented in twenty-eight tents, and it was then thought that 2,500 attended the services on Thursday and Friday afternoons. In event of purchase it was voted to create a committee to be called trustees, and Presiding Elder Crandall appointed the three following brethren to negotiate a purchase: J. C. Lane of Leominster, Edward Aldrich of Fitchburg, and William H. Thurston of Oxford.

The next year Rev. J. D. Bridge was presiding elder and the hours of preaching services were, as now, at 10, 2 and 4. An amusing rule of that year reads: "During public services, ladies will be seated on the right and gentlemen on the left of the stand."

The year 1855 is memorable in the history of the plant under discussion, for, on Sept. 4, the committee reported that they had leased the land for ten years. The question of a permanent purchase was talked over at the next business meeting of ministers and tent-masters, when Mr. Lane informed those present that twelve acres could be bought for \$600, so a committee was appointed to name the board of trustees, to consist of two ministers and three laymen, who were to hold the land in trust for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church for religious purposes. The first board of trustees was Rev. J. D. Bridge, Rev. D. E. Chapin, J. C. Lane, Wm. H. Thurston and G. M. Buttrick. These were empowered to take possession of the grounds, name them, and obtain an act of incorporation at the next legislature. Of the purchase money \$300 was paid down the last morning of the services after the love-feast, and more than enough by two cents was subscribed to meet the balance.

So, in 1856, the camp-meeting was held on its own site, though it was deeply mourned

that Presiding Elder Bridge had died and that one less identified with the foregoing negotiations, Rev. Wm. Gordon, presided for the week. The sermons of the week are characterized in the records as "clear, convincing, practical and full of the Holy Ghost." And the records also say that the love-feast closed "in the old-fashioned way" by a march and hand-shaking. The only statement of its kind for all the years since is to the effect that after this love-feast four children were brought forward and baptized. The charter which had been obtained was in the name of the "Worcester District Camp Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church," but this was awkward and was changed by vote to Sterling Camp Meeting Association, and the charter was amended.

In 1858 the sexes were no longer divided at the stand. There was this year, so far as can be ascertained, the first of several gatherings for which there is no better name than "rock-bee." Shortly before camp-meeting all the fifty societies to be represented sent sturdy men to work a day at digging rocks. Some fifty gathered on such occasions and the surface stones were carted into the outskirts — that is, what would now be pretty Lake View Avenue or Chestnut Ave. — while the boulders that were immovable were sunk below the surface by digging a great excavation around them, then covering them with dirt. So below the canopy that now shelters the listeners on camp-meeting week lie a number of huge rocks that have never been seen by the present generation. Nowadays these things are done by a hired force of men and hundreds of dollars are necessary each year to keep the grounds in repair and fine order. But it must be remembered that those were not the days when people came with horses and carriages and had boat houses and bathing-houses and spring beds and roller curtains and fireplaces. Then people slept on straw bags, sometimes six on the floor of one room; they gambled outside the precincts of the plant, and bet on the horses of the saints, and brought their playing cards. Those, too, were days when people were touched to the quick by the scores, and many years from fifty to one hundred left their way to turn towards heaven in God's way. There was no macadamized road, no baggage arrangements, no cottages — only a circle of about five tents at this date. The railroad had agreed to stop at Gates' farm to deposit passengers and baggage for five years. For two years they did so. The only road then was a path, and one of the older trustees says that it was possible to walk from the railway to the circle of tents without touching foot to earth, so numerous were the stones; baggage was dumped in shapeless heaps on the side of the track — tents, stoves, clothing, trunks, food and straw. This caused delay, and the railroad found it necessary to establish a regular station. The plant purchased in 1855 did not border on the tracks, however, but Mr. Gates, who originally owned the land, it having been in the possession of his wife's family for one hundred and fifty years, gave the lowland from the brook where the southern white gate now is up to where a decrepit stone wall near some rustic seats still marks the original boundary; the present road was then run through.

In 1859 it was "voted that the trustees be requested to let the camp-ground for no purposes save for Sunday-school picnics of evangelical churches." This is a rule which has been scrupulously adhered to all these years, and only such societies as the W. C. T. U. are exceptions; in this safeguard cottages have been more secure from playful pillage and the grounds have been freer from the paper-bag and lunch-box nuisance. On this year there were fifty-eight society tents and twenty-six family tents. The first cottage ever built was put up by W. H. Thur-

ston, and now is the kitchen of "The White House," on Myrtle Ave.

It was in the sixties that Amasa Davis, of Dudley, was chorister, a man of whom Wm. H. Thurston, thirty-seven years trustee, once said: "I never saw a man I thought more of." There is no doubt about the fact that the singing in those days was a great attraction, and through the efforts of Mr. Davis it was kept rousing, spiritual and enthusiastic.

Much was demanded of the sheriffs during the week. One was always employed, and police were sent from Worcester, and sometimes cases had to be taken to court. There was lawlessness because camp-meetings were new, and the people were less cultured then than now, and severe measures had to be resorted to in order to maintain decent peace and respect for the services.

Quite an interesting as well as unfortunate occurrence was the burning of the preachers' stand in 1862. Only two weeks before camp-meeting Mr. Thurston received a letter from Mr. Hammond, treasurer on the Nashua road, that the stand containing the society tents had been burned. It was never known even by those most nearly associated with affairs of the grounds what caused the fire, but the general opinion has been that an incendiary did the mischief. Time to erect another building was short, but as Mr. Thurston was the nearest trustee he took matters into his hands. There was \$450 insurance and it would cost \$600 to build a new house. It is not known whether the Nashua road was making largely out of the campers, whether Pres. Rice and Treasurer Hammond were exceptionally generous, or whether good Mr. Thurston was particularly skillful at pleading, that the officials of the road offered to pay the balance of the amount necessary to the erection of the new preachers' stand if it could be put up before camp-meeting. Mr. Thurston negotiated with Mr. Morse, a carpenter of Fitchburg, on the grounds, and in two weeks the building was completed and the road paid its \$150. It might be mentioned in respect to the kindness of the Nashua road that at this time it donated \$200 yearly to help defray our expenses.

The report of the spiritual results of the camp-meeting for the year 1863 ranks among the largest — 100 converts. It is probable that this was from two reasons: The tension of people's minds in that war year, and the services being adapted to the necessity of the times. Every day special meetings were held for the soldiers and were attended by many disabled and still suffering men from the front.

About 1865 there was the Sterling gold craze. In truth, a place isn't worthy of the least renown if it never has undergone the search for this particular worldly good. The very spot of the delusion was on the large farm of Mr. John Gates, the much-respected original owner of all the land belonging to the Association, together with much more adjacent property. The land searched had been in the possession of his wife's family long enough to have made them aware of the presence of gold, if such existed, but Mr. Gates indulgently let everybody come with hoe and shovel and pick, or cruder instruments, and search until they found their hunt in vain and stealthily slunk away.

In 1869, while Rev. Loranus Crowell was presiding elder, the crowd was so great that the question "to supply the multitude who cannot hear the preacher at the stand with other sermons in other parts of the grove" was brought before the general tent-meeting.

By the year 1876 the debt on the grounds had reached \$700.

A scheme was tried in 1880 by the presiding elder, Rev. C. S. Rogers, which would not be out of place even now. He sent circulars to every church society to be represented, appointing the Sunday previous to camp-meeting as a special day of prayer for the services

at Sterling. The result of the week was one of the most blessed and "the utmost sweetness, harmony and mutual co-operation existed."

For twenty-nine years the last week in August had been reserved by church workers of our denomination for camp-meeting, but in 1880 the Sunday-school Assembly at South Framingham opened on that week and the attendance on our services suffered accordingly.

There may have been children's meetings from the earliest time when camp-meeting was held at Sterling, but it is not till 1882 that any official mention of the same is made in the records. On that year the children's meetings were held daily and led by Mrs. Roath of Worcester. Bishop Mallalieu was then presiding elder. This was Amasa Davis' last year as chorister. The stable near the lake entrance of the ground was built and first used during this season.

In 1883 there was a new survey of the grounds—60 acres; \$600 was expended on the plant and the debt now amounted to \$1,759.

The children's meetings had been so attractive a feature on the previous year that this season they were continued, and there were also meetings particularly for young ladies and mothers. Possibly on previous years a service had been given up to foreign missions, but it is not till 1883 that the mention of such services appears in the records. Mrs. E. W. Parker, a returned missionary from India, spoke and collected \$75, to which the Sterling Auxiliary added \$91.

The services in 1884 were opened with holy communion Monday evening, the service being attended by 400 communicants.

By the next year the debt had increased to \$2,700.

The charter was amended in 1887, so that there has since been ten trustees elected for five years by tent delegates. Six is a quorum. Oliver Ames approved the amendment, March 15, 1887.

In 1894 was held the first meeting of the board of control, and the number of trustees was increased to eleven by the presiding elder becoming a trustee *ex officio*. The board of control is authorized by the last amendment to the charter made since that signed by Gov. Ames.

Epworth League day was first celebrated in 1895, ending with a promise meeting at night. The next two years the Sterling Assembly League assumed the responsibility of defraying the expenses of camp-meeting music, and Mr. John Hemmenway was both times chosen chorister. The open parliament of Leagues was a feature of Epworth League day.

Last year the Association lost one of its most faithful trustees, Cyrus Spaulding, who had been seventeen years a trustee and eleven years secretary and treasurer.

The present season we have a plant of fifty-six acres, established by law for religious purposes, containing two hundred neat, well-painted cottages, fourteen society houses, Epworth Hall, store, hotel and stable. There is abundant water supply, farmers bring every sort of estate to the cottage door, and a baggage wagon meets every train; so people have reason to find comfort for soul and body within the limits of the white gates. For pleasure there is a well-cared-for tennis court, and the League provides frequent socials and entertainments which are held in the hall. The business arrangements are managed by the trustees, the president of whom is A. B. F. Kinney of Worcester, aided by the Cottagers' Improvement Society.

The subject of the great difference between the old-time camp-meeting and one held today is often up for disputation, and some would affirm that religious profit at such meetings has decreased. The time was when the prayer-meetings were held in the society

tents because there were no cottages, but now the worshipers in each chapel can conduct a meeting without that sound of holy confusion which some are wont to suggest as more spiritual than respectful order. Not only do some say that there was more fire in the old-time camp-meeting, but they also say there were more services. True; people were huddled into the church tents and prayer-meetings were held oftener, but not necessarily more devoutly. The aim was doubtless sometimes to keep persons from the means of sport earlier mentioned as indulged in; meetings had to be in some degree a public attraction. Now there are more camp-meetings; they were once a new institution and people who had hitherto been deprived of the sight of crowds and general merry-making flocked to the services, not oftener from a religious motive than for diversion, amusement and curiosity. Camp-meetings were then primarily for the unconverted. Nowadays there are many Christians seeking a sweeter adjustment of their souls with the great Soul of nature, and preachers realize this and prepare sermons less startling but quite as important and necessary as a high-pitched, fiery, dramatic discourse. Then, too, there are more varied means of spreading Christian doctrine than by preaching in the open air to a great gathering. The great numbers do not come to this particular form of service because being a Christian has come to signify so much of brotherly love and sacrifice, care of the sick and unfortunate, as well as church attendance, that many are busy at living the Christ-life in ministering to others thus, and in an honorable, godly business career. These are some of the reasons why a camp-meeting of today appears to effect less good than those held in years gone by.

LUCKNOW WOMAN'S COLLEGE

(Harriet Warren Memorial.)

MISS FLORENCE L. NICHOLS.

ONE of the most beautiful cities of India is Lucknow, the "City of Roses," as it is called. The broad parks and tropical gardens, the mosques, tombs, and ancient palaces attract the visitor.

But what makes Lucknow the Mecca for all English-speaking tourists is the Residency and other too vivid memorials of the Mutiny. Flowering vines now twine the ruined walls of the Residency, beautiful lawns and smooth roads cover the places where many a desperate onset of the enemy was repulsed; but no shrubs or gorgeous creepers can cover the cannon-ball marks, and no sunshine ever brightens those subterranean chambers in which four hundred and ninety-seven English women and children were crowded for one hundred and forty-seven days. In the Residency grounds is the sacred burying-ground where sleep those who died in the fearful struggle, among them Sir Henry Lawrence. His tomb bears the simple inscription dictated by himself, "He tried to do his duty."

The memories of the past become very vivid while in Lucknow, and yet we cannot realize those seething, hostile crowds of natives, robbed, as they believed, of king and privileges by the English. The days of 1857 seem far away amid the peaceful life of today, but there are still many bitter hearts and many a plot is laid that is kept from spreading only by fear of the English troops.

Today Lucknow is one of the educational centres of India, and the handsome buildings for high schools and colleges are frequently seen in the English quarter of the city. In the palace grounds of the dissolute Wajid Ali Shah, the last king of Oudh, rise the graceful domes and minarets of the Boys' College, where over five hundred Hindus and Mohammedans are studying. Across the river is the Rajah's College, to

which only native princes are admitted. Not far from the Residency grounds is the handsome brick building of Reid Christian College, which is supported by the Methodist Episcopal Church; many non-Christian students attend, and they yield to the same chapel and Bible-class requirements as the Christian students.

Down the Residency hill, along the road by which Havelock brought relief to the garrison, we reach the high school and college for Christian girls (W. F. M. S.). The high walls and dense foliage almost hide the group of buildings, but passing through the gateway, up the winding drive, we stop under the pillared *porte cochère*. This is the original building and its apparent magnificence is due to the fact that in former years it was the residence of one of the royal officers. The story is that the treasurer lived here and under the building are hidden treasures of gold and precious stones. How often has Miss Thoburn, when burdened by debt and extra expenses, longed for a little of that wealth—if it really exists.

Let us not linger under the portico, for, in spite of its solid appearance, it has been condemned for the last two years and is allowed to stand only because there is no money to replace it or even to tear it down. The roof of the old building is also in a precarious state, so we hasten along the broad verandas to the new college building—the Harriet Warren Memorial—a two-storied red brick building with stucco trimmings, surrounded on three sides by gracefully arched verandas. Here are class rooms, dormitories and a large hall, while the study is in the old building.

We will not visit the school-house and dormitories of the high school situated a few rods away, but let us rather follow the college girls as they go from gymnasium drill at 5.45 in the morning to Bible class, and on through the routine of the day. The Persian and mathematics classes are taught respectively by Mohammedan and Hindu teachers; all the English classes by Miss Singh, an Indian Christian; while the Latin, philosophy, history and science classes are taught by missionaries, all but one of whom have many other duties besides the college work. In gymnasium suits we hardly notice the different races which these girls represent, but as we see them now at prayer, we are surprised to find a Karen from Burmah, English and Eurasians and representatives of most of the sections of India.

As the Lucknow Woman's College is the only Christian college for women teaching to the A. B. degree, graduates from the high schools of all denominations come here to continue their studies. The small number of students shows that woman's education is but in its beginning in India, but when we remember that thirty years ago there was not a woman in North India who could read, we are surprised not that our college students number less than twenty, but that there is even one Indian girl ready for higher education.

The progress of education under the encouragement of the English Government has been very rapid in India, and the missionary societies have been encouraged by grants-in-aid to help on the work. So many high and grammar schools for girls have been established by various mission agencies that there is a constant demand for competent teachers, the work has so grown that missionaries can do little but superintend, therefore the teachers must come from the country and they must be well trained. To meet this demand the college at Lucknow was founded, and the success of its graduates as teachers has more than justified its establishment. However, the aim of the college is not only to send out teachers, but above all to develop Christian women who can take the lead at home or in the school. There is opposition in India to the higher education of girls; but so there was in America when Vassar and Mt. Holyoke were founded; but those who have seen the wonderful change brought into our American girls' lives by a liberal education cannot wish to withhold from the narrower lives of the Indian girl those privileges which shall make her develop into a useful and happy womanhood.

THE FAMILY

"I SHALL REACH HOME TONIGHT"

CORA GROVER SADLER.

"I shall reach home tonight," the traveler said,
As sank the sun into the purpling west,
"Though feet be dust-stained, and my strength near spent,
Each footstep brings me nearer to my rest.
Fair was the morning, bright the noonday sun,
Yet now its scorching rays are veiled from sight,
Cool lie the shadows o'er my darkening path —
I shall reach home tonight."

"I shall reach home tonight," a sad soul cried;
"With sandals earth-soiled and with weary feet
I've journeyed long, through life's hard, winding ways,
Down to the valley where dark waters meet.
The day-dawn merged into the heat of noon,
Now twilight shades slant cooling toward the light;
From yonder cloud-edge hangs the evening star —
I shall reach home tonight."

"I shall reach home tonight." O precious hope!
What soul is there that does not yearn for home?
I see the stars — nightly evangel host —
Pointing a soul-path through their solemn dome;
And past the tear-mist, past the dark-winged cloud,
Past sunset bar and evening planet bright,
I see the lights shine in my Father's house;
I shall reach home tonight!

Silver Plume, Colo.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires; we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our "Mayflower," and steer boldly, through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

— Lowell.

Giving is not the throwing away of that which we never miss, but it is the consecrating to noble uses that which is very dear to us, that which has cost us much. — Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls never there before. — Drummond.

Nothing that May puts into her lap is more exquisite than are the purple gerardias with which August and September embroider the pasture and the woodland road. They have not the sweet breath of the arbutus, nor even the faint elusive odor of the violet, but for daintiness of form, perfection of color, and gracefulness of habit it would be impossible to praise them too highly. Of our three species, my own favorite is the one of the narrow leaves (*Gerardia tenuifolia*), its longer and lighter flower-stems giving it an airiness and grace peculiarly its

own. — BRADFORD TORREY, in "The Foot-Path Way."

Great hearts there are also among men; they carry a volume of manhood; their presence is sunshine; their coming changes our climate; they oil the bearings of life; their shadow always falls behind them; they make right living easy. Blessed are the happiness-makers! — they represent the best forces in civilization. They are to the heart and home what the honeysuckle is to the door over which it clings. These embodied gospels interpret Christianity. Jenny Lind explains a sheet of printed music — and a royal Christian heart explains, and is more than, a creed. Little wonder, when Christianity is incarnated in a mother, that the youth worships her as though she were an angel. Some one has likened a church full of people to a box of unlighted candles; latent light is there; if they were only kindled and set burning they would be lights indeed. What God asks for is luminous Christians and living gospels. — NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D. D., in "The Investment of Influence."

Have you ever noticed our Saviour's fondness for the hills of Galilee and Judea? It equaled, if it did not exceed, His affection for the solitary stretches of the Lake of Galilee. He preached the greatest sermon of all time on a hillside. Especially did He love the hills as places of prayer. Often we read that He went out into the mountain to pray. Solitude was what the Saviour craved, the retirement which He could not command at will in the houses where He lodged. The wooded hillside that was nearest answered His purpose. There He could be alone with His Father and let His pure spirit bask in the sunshine of His approval. There is something elevating to the spirit in the solitude of the mountains. They lift the soul nearer to God. — Rev. George A. Paull.

See all things, not in the blinding and deceitful glare of the world's noon, but as they will seem when the shadows of life are closing in. At evening the sun seems to loom large on the horizon, while the landscape gradually fades from view; and then the sunset reveals the infinitude of space crowded with unnumbered worlds, and the firmament glows with living sapphires. Even so, let the presence of God loom large upon the narrow horizon of your life, and the firmament of your souls glow with the living sapphires of holy thoughts. Ah! try now to look at the world and its allurements as they will seem in the last hour; to look at unlawful pleasure as it shall then seem, not only a disappointing, but a depraving and an envenomed thing; to look at the small aims of ambition as they shall seem when they have dwindled into their true paltriness.

— Canon Farrar.

Sorrow is apt to be selfish. The soul, occupied with its own griefs, and refusing to be comforted, becomes presently a Dead Sea, full of brine and salt, over which the birds do not fly, and beside which no green thing grows. And thus we miss the very lesson that God would teach us. His constant war is against the self-life, and every pain He inflicts is to lessen its hold upon us. But we may thwart His purpose and extract poison from His gifts, as men get opium and alcohol from innocent plants.

A Hindu woman, the beautiful Eastern legend tells us, lost her only child. Wild with grief, she implored a prophet to give back her little one to her love. He looked at her for a long while tenderly, and said: —

"Go, my daughter, bring me a handful of rice from a house into which Death has never entered, and I will do as thou desirest."

The woman at once began her search. She went from dwelling to dwelling, and

had no difficulty in obtaining what the prophet specified; but when they had granted it, she inquired: —

"Are you all here around the hearth — father, mother, children — none missing?"

The people invariably shook their heads, with sighs and looks of sadness. Far and wide as she wandered, there was always some vacant seat by the hearth. And gradually, as she passed on, the legend says, the waves of her grief subsided before the spectacle of sorrow everywhere; and her heart, ceasing to be occupied with its own selfish pang, flowing out in strong yearnings of sympathy with the universal suffering, tears of anguish softened into tears of pity, passion melted away in compassion, she forgot herself in the general interest, and found redemption in redeeming. — Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld — in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn, —
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.
Ah! need I say, dear friend, that to the brim
My heart was full? I made no vows, but
vows
Were made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning
greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

— Wordsworth.

THE PRICE WE PAY

HATTIE LUMMIS.

A FEW months ago, a young man who had left his Italian home strong, handsome and full of youthful courage, returned to Florence, changed, in less than a year's absence, to a mere wreck of a man as far as his body is concerned. His ambition led him to undertake an exploring expedition into the almost unknown interior of Thibet, and the cruelties he experienced there, at the hands of the barbarous natives, are such as most of us could not endure to hear described.

It was the young explorer's extraordinary endurance of pain which saved his life. As tortures could not wring a cry from his lips, the Thibetans decided that he must be some sort of supernatural being, and so hesitated to kill him. After months, rumors of this white man, impervious to pain, reached the Indian borders. A search party immediately set out, and at last succeeded in rescuing the European, as well as some valuable maps and photographs.

After his return to Florence, blinded, mutilated, and constantly suffering intense pain, along with the certainty that death cannot be far in the future, this young man was asked how he had been able to refrain from crying out under the anguish of his inhuman torture. His reply is worth putting on record: "I was too heavily laden with interesting discoveries to lose my chance of escape by an instant's relaxation of mind. To suffer is to pay for what I have gained. The price is paltry; it is nothing."

In many scientific enthusiasts we find the same spirit. Men brave the rigors of arctic cold, the heat of the tropics, perils from human beings incredibly more savage than beasts; they endure

hunger, thirst, every form of bodily privation, and the keener pang of separation from those dear to them — and for what? For the sake of adding to the world's store of knowledge, of throwing light on doubtful questions, of proving some ingenious theory. And most of them give practically the same testimony as that offered by this young explorer in his living death: "To suffer is to pay for what we have gained. The price is paltry."

How much of this spirit do we find among the young people who profess to love and serve Christ? How much of it stirs within your own heart when you are called upon to "endure hardness" as a good soldier of Jesus? Sometimes our suffering comes as bodily pain, through which we may be taught the lesson of patience. Sometimes it is the deeper anguish of bereavement; sometimes the scorn or contempt of those about us. There is no one of these forms of suffering which God does not use to teach some important truth. The soul's growth and development depend in part on these things from which we instinctively shrink back.

With what spirit do we endure these afflictions, some of them so heavy, some hardly worthy of the name? If we rise with a headache in the morning, if some accident upsets our plans for the day's enjoyment, if a great sorrow comes upon us unawares, do we accept these things bravely, as a small price to pay for the development we are to gain through their means, or do we repine and complain, and feel that God is dealing unkindly with us?

Paul, who knew what suffering was as well as any man who has lived, declared that he counted the loss of all things but a trifle, in comparison with winning Christ. His was the spirit of the young scientist of whom we have spoken, though in an infinitely higher cause. And it is not too much to ask, no matter how great the suffering through which we win likeness to our Master, that we should say from our hearts: "To suffer is to pay for what we gain. The price is paltry; it is nothing."

Appleton, Wis.

IN HIS GOOD TIME

A WOMAN who had worked in India as a missionary for twenty years returned, broken in health, to her early home. One day, after she had talked to some of her friends for an hour of the work and its hindrances, one of them said: —

"Now, Mrs. Dash, you have given twenty years to the Hindus. How would you sum up the result? What actual good, that you yourself have seen and known, have you done?"

The missionary was silent and thoughtful for some time. Her worn face grew paler. At last she said: —

"I went to India a young wife, full of enthusiasm and hope. Christ's gospel was unknown to the tribe where we were sent. Their need of it was so great that I thought they would receive it with joy. I fancied that the village, the whole district, would welcome the tidings we brought; that perhaps in a year or two hundreds of the people about us would lead noble Christian lives, and owe their salvation to our teaching."

"Well?"

"I did not know the language; I was ill; I

learned it slowly; but I do not certainly know that I have converted to Christianity a single soul outside of my own house. In it I have taught native women to sew, to cook, to keep their kitchens clean, to be honest and to tell the truth. I have tried to teach them to love Christ, but I do not know whether I have fully succeeded or not. It is a poor showing for twenty years of exile," she said, with a piteous smile.

"None of us," said a gray-haired woman, "can probably make a better. You know what Goethe said: 'In youth we think we shall build temples for the gods, but in old age we are glad if we have been able to clear away some of the rubbish in order that others may build.'"

God's palaces are slow in building. It is the will to work that He asks from us, and the faith that, though we must leave the work undone, it will be finished in His good time. — *Youth's Companion*.

ONLY ONE KILLED.

"Only one killed!" the head-line reads.

The glad news speeds.

The newsboys cry, "Killed, only one!" —

He was my son!

What were a thousand to this one —

My only son,

Whose blood was spilled

That bells might peal, guns fire, men shout,

"Only one killed!"

— LYDIA AVERY COONLEY, in *New England Magazine*.

MISS PHOEBE'S "ENDOW"

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

MISS PHOEBE folded the paper with her usual precise care that no wrinkles creased its crisp surface, but her face was unusually wistful.

"I'd like dreadful well to endow something," she murmured, gently. "Something with — children in it. There's Hospitals and Homes and things — oh, there's plenty of things! 'By the will of the late Miss Phoebe Coyle' — that's the way that one reads." She tapped the paper in her lap. "'By the will of the late Miss Phoebe Coyle, the — the Home for — Nobody's Children comes into the princely endowment of ten thousand dollars' — No, I dare not say ten thousand dollars, it seems 'most like stealin'." "One thousand dollars" — that would do a lot toward helpin' poor little innocent children that nobody wants. I wisht — I wisht I could endow some poor little children with one thousand dollars like that!"

The wistful look overflowed Miss Phoebe's eyes and crept all over her plain, dark face. It was such a beautiful way to do — such a beautiful way to die.

Poor Miss Phoebe! the tiny, hard-saved sum in the corner of her bureau drawer was not enough to — die with yet. It would take many months more of pinching to make it enough, and Miss Phoebe set her thin lips firmly and asked the good Lord to let her live till she could die the same as other folks did, independently.

The bells for evening prayer-meeting began to ring. They chimed together — the Methodist bell and the Baptist — fraternally, and in little Miss Phoebe's ears their tune was very sweet. She put on her bonnet and shawl and went down the village street.

Miss Phoebe always answered the in-

itation of the bells — the Baptist bells. In rain or shine or cold or heat, her little corner seat in the small vestry was always occupied — it was Miss Phoebe's one great privilege and joy to fill it. She could not understand how anybody else could stay away from weekly prayer-meeting.

Down the quiet little street Miss Phoebe's faded little figure went, past Mrs. Cynthia Bent's house, and Mrs. Randolph's, and Mrs. McGrew's. They were all, queerly enough, at their front doors, as she passed.

"Good evening, Miss Phoebe," Mrs. Cynthia said, solemnly.

"Good evenin', Mis' Bent. Ain't you goin' to meetin' to your church?"

"No, I ain't" — Mrs. Cynthia's voice was tired and sharp. "You might's well ask me if I wasn't goin' to the moon as to meetin'! I don't ever expect to go till I'm too old to get there. I'm tied hand and foot to home."

"Good evening, Miss Phoebe," called Mrs. Randolph, wistfully. "I s'pose you're on your way to meetin'? I wish I was! You don't know how I miss not going, but of course you have to give that up, too, when the babies come."

She had one tiny sweet-faced little one in her arms, and two others tugged at her skirts imperatively. Her own sweet face was tired-looking and worn, but it smiled down at the baby's face, and Miss Phoebe saw her arms tighten into a hug.

"I wouldn't want to swap 'em for all the meetings in the City of Churches, though," she said laughingly; "only I do envy you sometimes, Miss Phoebe, seeing you go past always when the church bells ring! I can't help it — I hope 'tisn't wicked. But when you're tired out, you know, and all nervous, you can't help thinking how 'twould rest you to hear 'em singing 'Rock of Ages' down to meeting."

Mrs. McGrew was at her door, too. The sound of little bolsterous voices came out through the open door.

"Goin' to church, Miss Phoebe? Well, you're fortunate. The last time I went was — let me see — six years ago (Ben's six, you know, and he's the oldest). Yes, six years ago, and I guess it'll be a good many times six before I go again!"

"Can't — can't you put 'em to bed, Mis' McGrew?" suggested Miss Phoebe, timidly.

"Not this time o' year. I can in winter, of course; but I couldn't go then any better. I'd have to stay with 'em asleep just exactly the same."

"Oh!" Miss Phoebe said. "But Mr. McGrew" — she added, gently, "couldn't he stay with 'em some o' the times?"

"Well, he could sometimes if he wasn't tired to death, or didn't want to go to meetin' himself. But more'n half the time he don't get home in time for me to get ready. He stays to the store real late."

The bells had been still some time before Miss Phoebe sat down in her corner seat. She folded her hands in her lap and composed her features into reverent attention. But Miss Phoebe's thoughts kept straying up street to Mrs. McGrew's and Mrs. Cynthia's and the little Randolph house. She kept hear-

ing the babel of little voices and the wistfulness in little Mrs. Randolph's voice. She kept thinking how hard it would be for her — Phoebe Coyle — to stay away from meeting. Six years, too — six years! Miss Phoebe's thoughts stopped in horror.

And church Sundays, too — they went on again. Think of not going to church Sunday! Then Miss Phoebe had a little inspiration — right then, while the minister's reverent voice was lifted in prayer and the little vestry was full of solemn peace. It took her breath away, it frightened her almost. It meant so much to Miss Phoebe to do — it.

"But I'll do it!" she cried to herself. Then, with bent head, she said the rest like a prayer: —

"I'll do it — I can as well as not, except for the missin'. An' mebbe it will be a sort of — of an 'endow.' It's the only endow I can ever make, anyhow, an' there'll be little children in it, just as I wanted."

She was clasping her mittened hands so tightly that the silk threads made little red seams on her fingers.

"An', Lord," she added, earnestly, "don't let me miss 'em too much — the meetin's, you know. Don't let me spoil the 'endow.'"

Miss Phoebe did not go to church again or to the prayer-meetings. Regularly on meeting nights and days she traveled her little circuit from Mrs. Cynthia's, up street a little, to Mrs. McGrew's, and down street to the little Randolph house. The little children at all the houses learned to watch for her and laugh delightedly at the sight of her plain, sweet face. They let her put them to bed and sit beside them and sing, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," in her quivery, quavery old voice. Meantime the mothers had their chances to rest and grow patient and strong in the dim, quiet vestry. They were all Methodists, and so it happened that the story of Miss Phoebe's endowment was a long time in getting to the Baptist Church. Her desertion of the meetings there troubled the good old minister.

"I'm afraid Miss Phoebe's backsliding, mother," he told his wife. "She isn't sick, for I see her going out on meeting nights — I'm afraid she's losing ground."

And little "backslidden" Miss Phoebe in the Randolph nursery hugged up the baby lovingly and rocked it to sleep as mothers rock their own babies, and her lonely, starved old heart exulted in it. She grew younger and happier — she and the babies' mothers together.

"I wish there were more Miss Phobes in the world, that's what I wish!" exclaimed little Mrs. Randolph one night, untying her bonnet-strings and rolling them thriftily. "Think of the tired-out mothers they'd rest! Think of the extra patience there'd be with all the little Johnnies and Mary Kates the next day after prayer-meeting!"

Miss Phoebe kissed the sleeping baby again and went home.

"Tian't much to do," she thought, modestly, on the way; "but you can do it while you're livin' an' breathin' an' needn't wait till you die, so you can enjoy it as you go along — an' there's little children, bless 'em, in it! I shouldn't

want to endow anything that didn't have little children in it."

Kent's Hill, Me.

AUGUST

The laughing flights of song are still
That charmed the springtide air;
Down rivulet and grassy rill
No wayward perfumes fare;
Upon her throne Queen August lies
With languor in her dreamful eyes.

The idle clouds that stray the blue
Their mission now forget;
A blended note the wood-doves coo
Of passion and regret;
The sparrows flute a faded tune;
The year hath reached its afternoon.

The cricket clears his dusty throat
To sing an eerie strain;
And as he pipes with rusty note
Of beauty soon to wane,
The red rose trembles on the tree
With prescience of the fate to be.

— Samuel Minturn Peck.

WHAT A GIRL OUGHT TO KNOW

BOYS, as well as girls, ought to know human nature for one thing. It is of equal importance to both, but we prefer to speak mainly of girls just now. No one will ever know human nature perfectly. The prophet has said, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" At the same time there is a degree of knowledge open to all which is sufficient to bring a girl out of a dangerous, unsophisticated state into a good understanding of people, which would prove a safeguard of untold value.

There is strange ignorance of the opposite sex on the part of many girls, which seems almost inexplicable when we consider that God has set mankind in families and that the family is the first and most important institution in the world. It would seem that it should be instituted with the greatest care, the greatest forethought, the greatest knowledge, and yet the opposite is eminently true. In the absence of knowledge, creations of the imagination, conclusions not based on truth, often become fixed in a girl's mind which no amount of belated information can change one iota. This is especially true after the affections are placed upon a self-created idol. Such an idol cannot easily be shattered. Even the mother jeopardizes the love of her child when she waits till all of the chances are against her, and a battle is on upon which is staked the happiness of her child and her own before she begins to teach that "all is not gold that glitters." There is a long procession of mothers wending their way to the grave, with hearts already dead within them, because each witnesses the misery of a daughter she would gladly have died to save, but she is now powerless to help or to hinder. It is too late. The die is cast, and the girl has lost. Her innocence, her natural charms, her trustful heart, her unsophisticated, beautiful, believing self, charmed the vampire, and once sucked within the circle of his influence, she was lost. She had no more knowledge of the relentless evil which would consume her than the moth has of the flame that strikes out its little life, unlike the human heart that lives on, though scorched with pain. It is the chief delight of many a mother to rear such an innocent creature, apparently unconscious that her innocence is a degree of ignorance which amounts to a crime, to be laid at the mother's door.

Mothers are satisfied with "hoping" about things that should be rendered certainties so far as is within the range of possibility. If a daughter were promised the opportunity of choosing the most costly and artistic vase from a collection of good and bad ones, her mother would put her in training at once, that she might make her fortune by

her choice. She would speedily become a connoisseur in ceramics; but the same mother will fold her hands and "hope" the ignorant little thing will choose the right companion for life when she knows scarcely a single sign of what is base or deceitful. If young people studied humanity more there would not be so many unhappy marriages, nor so much crime in the world. They should be taught human nature in its entirety, the bad there is in it as well as the good. One cannot be a judge of beauty without knowing something of the ugly as well; he cannot teach ethics unless he recognizes the bad as well as the good; he cannot rightly appreciate or deal with truth unless he also knows the false. If a girl knows nothing of the ugly, the bad, the false in human nature, nothing of the signs of evil, she is left as helpless as a babe in the highest concerns of life.

It does good people no harm to expose the bad. It rather helps to secure for them the appreciation which is their due. It is too often the case that the girl prefers the fast young man, not because she really prefers the evil, if she only knew it, but for other reasons, and because she does not know the stamp of wrong doing. As well might one believe that beads and trinkets will not beguile the savage out of his land, that candy and gaudy playthings will not tempt a child to go with a stranger, that the mirage will not deceive the uninformed, as to believe that the sweet tale of love will not beguile the unsophisticated maiden, even though it come from the lips of a black-hearted villain. Knowledge is the only cure. It is fortunate beyond measure to be born into a home where love abounds — love and truthfulness — but it is unfortunate not to know that there is something else in the world. How are girls to know it? By instruction from the lips of father and mother, and by the written word, tested by their own observation — and it must be known in time.

Tragedies are enacted daily because mothers deliberately prefer to let their daughters take the risk. Within a few months a young man of fine physique and once handsome face, but of grossly immoral character, married an elegant, good girl in one of the Southern States. "During the engagement she was told of his horrible life," our informant writes, "but she would not believe one word against him." It was too late then to begin her education, and not to be expected that she would receive another's dictum upon so important a subject and one hitherto unknown to her. She married him, and when she awoke to the enormity of his sins she became insane and again and again attempted her own life. Her sister, a minister's wife, cared for her, and reason returned. But disease had fastened upon her, and her husband treated her wish to see him once more before she died with contempt. Melancholy enwrapped her in its folds, and the anniversary of her wedding day saw her despairing death. Might not this girl have been so taught from childhood that a young man so fallen could not have deceived her, though he did not live in her home town and she did not see him often? We believe she could. — *Union Signal*.

ABOUT WOMEN

— Miss Janet Boyd Hetherington Haggerty, the youngest of the graduates this year from the Law School of the University of New York, is a Vassar girl. She is a fine linguist, and is the administrator of her father's estate. She has an elder sister who is a member of the bar, and connected with the law firm of ex-District Attorney Delancy Nicoll.

— A Red Cross organization has been formed in Honolulu, dating from the brief

stop of the troops on their way to Manila. Mrs. Sewall, wife of the American minister, is president, and Mrs. Dole, wife of President Dole, is vice-president.

— Miss Maria Daniel, superintendent of the School of Housekeeping, established last year by the Woman's Industrial and Educational Union of this city, has accepted another position. Her successor is to be Mrs. Katherine Dunn, of the Brooklyn Institute, where she has been the head of the domestic science department, and secretary of the Household Economic Association of New York.

— Miss Eliza Scott, cousin of Admiral Scott, sits day after day in the Hydrographic office, Washington, and puts little dabs of yellow paint here and there over the thousands of maps issued by this department. Each of these yellow splashes covers, but does not conceal, a tiny black dot which marks one or another of the nearly six hundred lighthouses scattered along our coasts. The object of color over the dots is that they may be more readily perceived by those using the maps. Miss Scott has been doing this work for twenty years. — *Woman's Journal*.

"TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE CHILD"

AT Claremont on the Hudson, but a few rods from the tomb of Gen. Grant, stands the monument of a child. Upon its easterly side appears the inscription: "Erected to the memory of an amiable child, St. Clair Pollock, died 15 July, 1797, in the fifth year of his age," and upon the reverse the words: "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not."

The following poem was written to commemorate the completion of the century which has since passed, and closed upon July 15, 1898: —

"TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE CHILD,"

Under the shadow of greatness,
Close by the river's side,
Marked by a tablet of marble,
In sight of the sweeping tide,
Silent and sad and forgotten,
A century resting in peace,
The grave of a little dead one,
The tale of a child's decease.

Alone by the brink of the river,
Greeting an hundred years
The sun as it rose in the morning,
The rain as it fell in tears,
The storm as it shrieked and blustered,
The wind as it sighed and blew,
The grave of a little being
Stands forth within the view.

Lingering visions of sadness
Arise in the pensive mind
As we turn from the life of the present
To days of another kind;
When naught but the ancient forests
Held vigil overhead,
And the tears of a mother's weeping
Were fresh at the grave of her dead.

How sad is the story of sorrow
One gathers from what is writ
At the tomb of this long-since dead one,
This flame but a moment lit —
The gain and the loss of existence,
The fullness of trouble it knows,
The fewness of days it sojourneth,
The nearness of death and its throes.

Yet bright as the sun in the morning,
When darkness from night is beguiled,
Is the ray which breaks into our musings
On reading "an amiable child."
The sweetest of tender compassions
Creeps over our sorrowful strain,
For we know altho' short and forgotten,
No throb of this life was in vain.

Still under the shadow of greatness,
Close by the river's side,
May ever this little tablet
Stand near the sweeping tide
Telling its simple story
Through many's the coming year
To the gathering throngs about it
Which sigh and disappear.

— H. A. WISEWOOD, in *Christian Herald*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BILLY'S CRUTCH

"WILL you please buy my geranium, sir?"

If a musical voice, a bright face and a beautiful plant, all belonging to a young girl with dimpled cheeks and laughing blue eyes, will not bring a man to a standstill, then it must be that he is hurrying through the world too fast, and wants nothing to come into his life that will gladden his heart and renew his youth.

I came to a full stop, and would not have missed that sight for a great deal. As the girl stood there on that bright morning, it was difficult to tell where the sunshine left off and where the girl began. They seemed made for each other; it was a perfect match, with the dividing line hard to discern.

"Have you any objection to tell me your name?"

"Oh, no, sir! My name's Gertrude Wilson."

"What a beautiful geranium you have there."

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed it is, and the finest I ever saw. Where did you get it?"

"About three years ago, a lady left a slip lying on the seat in a horse car. I took it home, got the richest dirt I could find, put it in this old paint can, and then set the slip in it, and it began growing right away. I've given it plenty of water to drink, and kept it in the sunshine as much as possible."

"Why, I should think you would love it very dearly."

"Love it! I guess I do love it. It seems just like a part of myself."

"Well, my dear, if you love it so much, pray tell me why you want to sell it?"

"Oh, I wouldn't let it go, if I did not want to help God answer Billy's prayer. Don't you think it splendid to help answer somebody's prayers?"

"How do you know I believe in prayer?"

"Oh, I am sure you do, for you have such a prayerful look."

She broke out into a merry laugh, and I joined her in it, as I said: —

"Yes, I do believe in prayer. Now tell me who Billy is?"

As I made this request, a joyous look came into her face, and her large blue eyes shone with delight; and as the dimples deepened in her cheeks, I beheld a picture that was worth going a long way to see.

"What! Billy? Oh, he's the nicest and best little fellow in all the city! Why, he is goodness, sunshine and music all in one lump. Somebody let him drop when he was quite young and broke his hip, and ever since he has been a cripple. But his leg is the only crooked thing about him. My mother says that Billy's mother was the best Christian she ever knew. Well, when she died last year, everybody in our tenement house wanted to adopt Billy; so you see he belongs to all of us. He pays his way by selling newspapers, and no one with good legs can get around livelier than Billy can with a crutch. But yes-

terday his crutch caught in a hole in the sidewalk, broke in two, and let him fall. He managed to get in the house, and was not hurt. Well, last night, just as I was going to bed, I heard Billy praying. His room is next to mine, and only a board partition between — so I could hear it all. Oh, I shall never forget his words, as he said: 'Dear Lord, I've never complained about my broken hip, and I am willing to go through life with it, but I can't get on without a crutch. I've no money to get another, and I don't know who to ask, so please, dear Lord, send me another one! Mother always told me to go to you when I was in trouble, and so I come now. Please, dear Lord, answer my prayer for Jesus' sake! Amen.'

"I lay awake a good while thinking of that prayer, and it was the first thing I thought of this morning, and I began wondering if I couldn't do something to help God answer Billy's prayer. Well, while I was wondering, I saw my geranium and then I said: 'Oh, maybe I can sell it and get enough to buy another crutch!'

"Now you know who Billy is, and why I want to sell my geranium. Won't you, please, buy it?"

I was greatly moved and interested, and I'll own up to a great deal of moisture about my eyes, as I inquired: "How tall is Billy?"

"Oh," she quickly responded, "I've got the measure of his old crutch, if that is what you mean."

"Yes, that is just what I mean; so, if you please, Gertrude, we'll go and see about a crutch."

It did not take us long to find a store where such things were to be procured, nor a great while to get the keeper of the store as much interested as I was in the girl's story. Just the right kind of a crutch was found, and a minimum price put upon it.

"Well," I said, "I'll give you that much for the geranium, Gertrude, and it is very cheap at that."

"Oh, thank you!" she said, and her eyes fairly danced with gladness. "I'll take the crutch, please, but Billy mustn't know a word about where it came from. Isn't it just splendid to help God answer Billy's prayer?"

The moisture in my eyes didn't subside one bit, as I said: —

"I want you to do me a favor, Gertrude. I am hundreds of miles away from the place where I live, and I can't carry this plant around with me. Would it be too much trouble for you to keep it for me?"

"What, do you want me to take care of it for you?"

"Yes, my dear, if it will not be too much trouble."

"Oh, you splendid man, you! I'll be glad to do it, and I'll take just as good care of it as I did when it was mine."

I carried the plant, while she carried the crutch, and after reaching the house, Billy was called in to see me, while Gertrude smuggled the crutch into his room, and came back with a face as happy as a face could be, but never betraying to Billy, by word or look, that she had been answering Billy's prayer.

To sum it all up, Billy has a new crutch, and he is the happiest cripple in the big city. Gertrude helped answer his prayer, and a happier girl don't live. I own the handsomest geranium bush I ever saw, and the one who takes care of it for me is as proud as I am of that plant. — *Exchange*.

OUR BOOK TABLE

Two Parables. By Charles R. Brown, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, California. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.35.

We have read this volume of sermons with unusual gratification. The author has a comprehensive and firm grasp upon Biblical truth, holds that genuine Christianity should fruit in good works after the Christ model, loathes cant, sees his points clearly, and expresses himself with pungency and force. The volume is the fuller gospel of St. James applied to modern conditions and needs. The preacher reminds us very much of Hugh Price Hughes, and is as intensely practical. There is scarcely a page that does not contain some quotable paragraphs. As a sample of his direct but often picturesque style, we present the following: "You know that lawyer. He is not always a member of the bar. Sometimes he is a merchant, or a mechanic, a physician — or possibly he may have gotten into the ministry. He is the individual who can answer right, but does not do right. He excuses his lack of performance by some quibble. He can draw you a correct plan of the way to inherit eternal life, but he worms out of it himself on some side issue. Ask him if he does not believe in being good; he will answer right, but will ask instantly what it is to be good. Ask him if it is not our duty to obey the will of God; he will answer right, and then begin to haggle with you as to what is the will of God. He will make a bold, firm statement as to one's obligation to love his neighbor, but before he lets his voice fall he will ask: And who is my neighbor?"

This volume will be read with delight and profit by all who desire a clear and forceful interpretation of practical and applied Christianity. There is but little of the flavor and tone of the conventional sermon in the book, but the pages pulsate with life. Whoever is asking how to be a Christian, or is striving to be a better one, will find in these pages an unmistakable answer. We should be glad to place the volume in the hands of those ministers who have failed to diagnose real life or to understand it, and who, therefore, preach sermons that rarely reach and stir their hearers. The author reveals God, human life as it is, and practical duty. Of the last two many ministers are lamentably ignorant.

The Student Missionary Appeal. Addresses at the Third International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, held at Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 23-27, 1898. Student Volunteer Movement: New York.

All students of missionary work will give a most hearty welcome to this stout volume of nearly six hundred pages, which contains a full report of the addresses and conferences held at this notable convention. The paper is good, and the typographical appearance of the volume is very fine. There is a full table of contents with a perfect index, so that the student of the book is enabled to utilize with ease and haste the large amount of data and information concerning the many mission fields which is found therein. It will be remembered, too, that leading representatives of all denominations in all lands participated in the proceedings of this convention. No library is complete in missionary data without this important volume.

Bursum Corda. A Book of Praise. Edited by Prof. E. H. Johnson, D. D., and Rev. E. E. Ayres. American Baptist Publication Society: 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

The Baptist denomination is to be congratulated upon the completion of this unexceptionably fine hymn-book. The editors have spent fifteen years of untiring labor in their monumental work. It is a handsome volume, with clear and large type.

Farm Ballads. By Will Carleton. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.35.

This is a charming old friend in an attractive new dress — in other words, "Farm

Ballads" revised and enlarged. The additional poems are of two classes — those written some ten years ago and omitted in former editions, and those written during the past year. The paper, type, illustrations and binding are excellent, making a gift-book that will be appreciated by all lovers of Carleton's heart-stirring and homely rhymes.

The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq., Written by Himself; "The Fitzboodle Papers;" "Catharine, a Story;" "Mea's Wives," etc. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Sixteen Full-page Illustrations by J. E. Millais, R. A., and Luke Fildes, A. R. A., Fourteen Woodcuts by the Author, and a Biographical Introduction by his Surviving Daughter, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.50.

In this volume, the third of the popular Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Complete Works, Mrs. Ritchie continues to give us sketchy bits of the life and surroundings of her father at the time of his writing of the work, that almost invest the pages with that subtle charm that surrounds a personal confidence. They seem to bring us nearer to the author, and make his characters as real to us as they were to him when they were born in his brain. All of them will be eagerly read, as they constitute the only authoritative account that has been given us of the man whose desire was that his works, and his works only, should speak for him. The volume is embellished with several illustrations that have never before appeared in print.

In the Sargasso Sea. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.35.

"In the Sargasso Sea" is a new variation upon the immortal Robinson Crusoe theme. Mr. Janvier's hero is a young graduate of Stevens Institute, who accidentally takes passage for Africa upon a ship that turns out to be engaged in the slave trade. After various misadventures he finds himself in the weedy waste of the dreaded Sargasso Sea, the only living person upon a wrecked and broken vessel. All around him are countless ranks of dismantled hulks that have drifted in from time to time to take their place in this graveyard of dead ships. He sets out upon a voyage of discovery, making his way by jumping from one deck to another. He loses himself in the maze, and starvation stares him in the face. A lucky chance enables him to replenish his larder, but it is only after weeks of weary wandering that he gets back to comparative safety and the outer circle of this strange labyrinth. There he finds comfortable quarters on a newly-wrecked steamship, a steam launch upon which he can finally escape, and even a big black cat to take the part of Man Friday. Of course there is treasure-trove galore, and from an old Spanish plate-ship he manages to secure and carry off a bag of jewels that turns out to be of inestimable value.

Shattuck's Advanced Rules for Large Assemblies. By Harriette R. Shattuck. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, 50 cents.

A résumé of parliamentary principles is put forth by this work in a condensed form for ready reference. The author acknowledges the valuable hints received from Hon. Thomas B. Reed's "Parliamentary Rules." This manual provides, as does Roberts, a tabulated list of all the motions and questions in common use.

The Story of a Play. By W. D. Howells, Author of "The Landlord at Lion's Head," "An Open-eyed Conspiracy," etc. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.50.

The theme of the novel is the reacting influence of an imaginative work upon the life of its author. Mr. Howells bases this story of a modern literary episode on the influences springing out of the composition and realization of a play, and their effects upon the mutual relationship of its writer, Brice Maxwell, a young journalist, and his wife. The conflict of interest arises, on the one side, from the desire of Mrs. Maxwell to be an unsuspected but effective guide to her husband's career, and from her effort to hold him to his pure, literary ideals of the drama,

and, on the opposing side, from the influence, artistically debasing, upon Maxwell's work and ambition, of Launcelot Godolphin, the actor to whom is confided the production of the play. The characterization is principally of these three personages.

The Spaniard in History. By James C. Fernald, Author of "The New Womanhood," etc. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London.

A timely contribution to our literature on the Spaniard is afforded by this book. It aims to show the leading traits of Spanish character as a cause for the decline of that great nation of adventurers and discoverers.

Monks and their Decline. By Rev. George Zurcher, Pastor St. Joseph's Church, Buffalo. Price, 25 cents.

Rev. Mr. Zurcher turns a ray of light upon the history of the monastic orders in this interesting pamphlet. The history of their origin and rigid early habits is traced through the various relaxations to the present state of things. Copious notes are provided.

Christ and the Critics. By Gérôme. Curtis & Jennings: Cincinnati. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, 50 cents.

No attempt has been made in this little work to solve any philological, geographical, historical, theological or other question of higher criticism. All is based in the reply to the one query: "What did Christ say?" There is help to the student of Bible history in this clearing away of difficulties. Between Christ and genuine criticism there is no conflict.

Magazines

— C. E. Perugini, the painter of graceful womanhood, is the subject of the leading article in the August *Magazine of Art*. It is written by M. H. Spielmann, and carries five illustrations — besides the frontispiece, "Cup and Ball" — of Mr. Perugini's work, with a portrait of himself. A second paper on the "Royal Academy Exhibition" appears this month. The "Arms and Armour at Windsor Castle" are described by Frederick S. Robinson, with ten illustrations. Hélène Postlethwaite tells us about "More Noted Women-Painters," her sketch being enlivened with portraits of Miss Rose Barton, Miss Maud Goodman, Miss Anna Nordgren, Mrs. Harwood Robinson, Mrs. Staples, and Miss Helen Thornycroft. The editor's article upon the Paris Salons will be read with marked interest. (Cassell & Co., Limited: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

— The August *Bookman* has a full and appetizing repertoire, as usual. "Chronicle and Comment" occupies the first twenty pages, embellished with numerous portraits and other illustrations. Benjamin F. Leggett, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Richard Hovey, and Henry Johnstone provide the poems this month. A visit to "Leopardi's Home" is entertainingly described by George Douglas, accompanied by a reproduction of the Italian poet's death mask. The "Reviews of New Books," "Novel Notes," "Bookman's Table,"

Cleveland's
is a pure
cream of tartar
baking powder

etc., are full of fresh and interesting comment and criticism. (Dodd, Mead & Co.: Fifth Ave. and 21st St., New York.)

—"What the Unionists have Done for Ireland," is the leading contribution in the *North American Review* for August. Edmund Gosse writes very interestingly and luminously, as he always does, upon "Shakespeare in 1898." Ex Senator W. A. Peffer completes his presentation of "The United States Senate." Andrew Carnegie has a characteristic paper upon "Distant Possessions." (New York: 291 Fifth Ave.)

—The August *Chautauquan* groups its contributions for the month under the one head of "General Reading," and in the inviting list of topics we note as of special interest: "The Vitals of a Battleship;" "The Spaniard in the Far East;" "Women in the Ministry;" "Bird Songs of Early Summer;" "Overhead Tramways;" "The Daily Papers of Chicago." The departments of "History as It is Made" and "C. L. S. C. Work" are well filled, as usual. (Dr. Theodore L. Flood: Meadville, Pa.)

—The *Treasury* for August contains an excellent portrait of Rev. Frank M. Bristol, D. D., of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., and a sermon from him upon "God's Hand in the War." There is a fine illustrated contribution upon "The Work of Savonarola." Another valuable paper is "Movements among the Churches," by Prof. C. H. Small. There is much more fresh and vigorous sermonic material. (E. B. Treat & Co.: New York.)

—The *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for August is the best presentation of important current events that comes to our table. Of course the war with Spain—the destruction of Cervera's fleet with illustrations of the battleships destroyed, the battle at Santiago, the surrender, and other events of the struggle—fills the number. (Review of Reviews Co.: New York.)

Literary Notes

—M. Zola's expulsion from the order of the Legion of Honor is making a new commotion in Paris. Some of his associates therein are following him by voluntary resignations.

—Henry Cabot Lodge's "Story of the Revolution," which is now running as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*, will be brought out in two volumes by Charles Scribner's Sons about the middle of September.

—Mr. G. H. Perris' book on Tolstol, just published, contains chapters on Old and Young Russia, Tourgenieff and Tolstol, and the anarchist, and a bibliography, the first, it is said, that has been attempted of the great Russian liberalist.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce a separate publication of a part of Hamilton W. Mabie's work, "Under the Trees and Elsewhere," which will be entitled "The Forest of Arden." It will have special illustrations and decorations by Will H. Low.

—Messrs. Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa., publishers of the text-books of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, announce the publication of the following volumes, which will constitute the course of reading for the English Year, 1898-'99: "Twenty Centuries of English History," by James Richard Joy; "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," by Prof. H. P. Judson, of the University of Chicago; "From Chaucer to Tennyson," by Prof. Henry A. Beers, of Yale University; "Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century," by Miss Susan Hale; "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," by Alexander Winchell, late of the University of Michigan.

—The Swedenborg Society, in response to a request from England, America and the Continent, will publish a new edition of the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, as translated by Rev. Augustus Silesoid, Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, C. E. Strutt, and others.

—Edna Lyall, the author of "Donovan," "We Two," "Doreen," "Wayfaring Men," etc., has completed a new novel, entitled, "Hope the Hermit," which will be issued in the autumn by Longmans, Green & Co. In "Hope the Hermit" the author presents a semi-historical romance in much the same style as that employed in her early success, "Golden Days."

—D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce Bull's "Fridtjof Nansen," translated, from the Norwegian by Mordaunt R. Barnard and Dr. P. Groth. This gives a spirited narrative of Nansen's early life and his adventures in the arctic regions. It contains many illustrations, and will be ready before September.

—Rev. Dr. John Caird, who has resigned the position of principal of the University of Glasgow, a position which he has held for a quarter of a century, has been in delicate health for some time past. In his early days he was one of the greatest pulpit orators in Scotland, and for many years he and his brother, Edward Caird, then professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, and now Master of Balliol, shed a peculiar lustre on the University of "the second city of the Empire." The expository power displayed by Principal Caird in his "Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion" has been acknowledged alike in this country and in Germany. —*Literature.*

—Robert Herrick, the author of "The Gospel of Freedom," should not be confounded with that eminent divine and very excellent English poet, Robert Herrick, who a little over two centuries ago passed away. Robert Herrick, the novelist and essayist, is a graduate of Harvard, and at present is a professor in Chicago University.

—The edition of "David Copperfield" for which Mr. Phil May has been making illustrations, will contain thirty-six full page sketches, and will be published in October, the price being fixed at \$1.50. There will also be a portion of the drawings facsimiled in full size; signed copies costing two guineas—a little over ten dollars—unsigned copies one guinea.

—Olivia Howard Dunbar, in the *New York Saturday Times*, gives an extremely interesting picture of the home life of Blanche Willis Howard (Mme. von Teuffel) in Dresden. The author of "Guenn" and "One Summer" is a loyal New England woman, whose home for many years has been in Germany. Novels, magazine stories and newspaper correspondence form a part of the vast amount of literary work which comes in the course of a year from Mme. von Teuffel's pen. "The impression which one carries away from Blanche Willis Howard's German home," says the *Times* correspondent, "is that of absolute poise and tranquillity. One feels that she has gained that enviable isolation, that restful stepping aside from the current of things, for the lack of which so many of her fellow-writers at home must beat their breasts in despair. For the paramount advantage of German life is that it allows one, as we express it, to 'hear one's self think'—and what noise-deafened American writer would not be grateful to listen, now and then, to the smooth whirr of his own mental machinery? And were there any likelihood that the vigor, the particularly trenchant qualities of Mme. von Teuffel's work, would result from another such self-imposed exile, one is tempted to think that we could spare a handful of writers, now and then, for the sake of the experiment."

—A writer in the *Rochester Post-Express* tells a good story about an English bookseller of whom a lady inquired for one of Browning's works. The bookseller answered that he had given up keeping Browning; and, what was more, he had tried to read him and could make nothing out of any of his poems. "Indeed!" the lady answered; and then, being in search of another poet, she added, "But have you Præd?" "Yes, indeed, ma'am; I have prayed over it, but still I got no light." —*Interior.*

—Dr. Frederick Starr, professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago, has prepared a book of unusual interest upon "American Indians." The chapters are charmingly written, and discuss the Indians' houses, dress, childhood, stories, hunting and war, canoes and fishing, sign language, writing with pictures, the medicine man, dances, funerals and graves, the mound builders, the pueblos, cliff dwellings of the southwest, totem posts, etc. The book is well adapted to schools, is attractively illustrated, and contains accurate maps. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

—The purchase, by Little, Brown & Company, this city, of the general publishing business of Roberts Brothers, recalls the fact that the firm of Little, Brown & Company, though it did not begin business under this name until 1837, may trace its foundation back to 1784. An article in the *Publishers' Weekly*, giving a brief survey of the origin and career of this firm, has been reprinted in an attractive pamphlet bound in violet-tinted covers, for general distribution. From the beginning they have occupied the store at 254 Washington St.—the present building, erected by Harvard College, being, according to Edwin M. Bacon's sketch of Little, Brown & Company in the *Bookman*, for July, 1897, the second on the site.

—"The Rambler," in the *August Book Buyer*, says: "Still another of the old Boston publishing houses has ceased to exist under its old name. The firm of Lee & Shepard is no more, and the business which it conducted has passed into the hands of Messrs. E. Fleming & Co., the bookbinders. The founder of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. H. O. Houghton, changed in like manner from printer into publisher. The change in the affairs of the Lee & Shepard establishment, therefore, has good historic precedent. This is quite as it should be, for Mr. Lee in his own person represents much of the history of Boston publishing."

A PREACHER'S REPORT

Interesting Statement by Elder Joel H. Austin of Goshen, Ind.—He Gives Expression to His Thanks.

Elder Joel H. Austin is well known as a preacher, and he is also a registered attorney before every claim department of the Government, and has been more or less engaged in the prosecution of pension claims. He speaks as follows:

"I was a victim of catarrh and had almost constant pain in my head. The trouble was gradually working down on my lungs. I was weak and irresolute. My wife had the grip and Hood's Sarsaparilla cured her. After this I had the same disease and resorted to Hood's. In a short time the aches and pains were relieved and I also saw the medicine was helping my catarrh. In six weeks I ceased to have any further trouble with it and I am now a well man. I had no faith in a permanent cure, but up to this time since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla there has been no return of the disease, and I am thankful for a medicine so intelligently compounded and so admirably adapted to the needs of the system." ELDER JOEL H. AUSTIN, Goshen, Indiana.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson IX

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1898.

2 KINGS 6: 8-18.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.* — Psa. 34: 7.

2. **DATE:** About B. C. 890, or, according to more recent chronology, B. C. 850.

3. **PLACES:** Samaria, the capital of Israel; and Dothan, twelve miles north of Samaria.

4. **HOME READINGS:** *Monday* — 2 Kings 6: 8-18. *Tuesday* — 2 Kings 6: 19-23. *Wednesday* — Psalm 125. *Thursday* — Psalm 37. *Friday* — 2 Chron. 32: 1-8. *Saturday* — Rom. 8: 24-32. *Sunday* — Psa. 37: 1-10.

II Introductory

We have had illustrations of Elisha's wonderful gifts as a miracle-worker; today we study him in his no less remarkable rôle as a seer. The Syrian forays into Israel had been resumed, and were commanded by King Benhadad in person. He plotted a series of ambushes, consulting with his captains what points to occupy; but, however secret and stealthy his movements, he found himself invariably thwarted. The Israelites, forewarned by Elisha, had either anticipated his intentions and possessed themselves of the strategical spot, or they assured themselves by spies that the enemy was there and forebore to expose themselves. Suspecting treachery, the Syrian king demanded of his captains which one of them was playing traitor. No one of them was guilty, was the reply, but Elisha, the prophet in Israel, whose supernatural gifts were such that he could tell his king "the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." The wily Benhadad thought he could stop further revelations of his plans by capturing the prophet; and, learning that he was at Dothan, sent a powerful force by night to invest the town. Their presence and threatening array were discovered in the morning by Elisha's servant, who in great alarm hastened to his master with the tidings. The unruffled prophet tried to dispel his fears by assuring him that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them;" but, being unsuccessful, he prayed that the young man's eyes might be opened, and lo! before the spiritual gaze of the entranced servant appeared fiery horses and chariots filling the whole mountain, a dazzling, awe-inspiring host, the heaven-sent body-guard of his master. In answer to a second prayer of Elisha, the Syrians were smitten with a "visual bewilderment," so that they were completely at the mercy of the prophet when he came forth to meet them. He persuaded them that they had mistaken the city, and offered to lead them to the man they sought. They followed after him, and he conducted them to Samaria, eleven miles to the southward. On entering the capital city of their foes, their eyes were no longer holden. They saw at a glance how they had been duped and in what danger they stood, surrounded by enemies and cut off from all

means of escape. They heard King Jehoram inquire, "My father, shall I smite them?" But their fears were set at rest when Elisha forbade the use of the sword; and it gave them a new idea of the way of treating captives when the king, at the prophet's order, prepared a great feast for them, and then dismissed them to return to their master. Against a foe so merciful, and against a prophet so wonderfully endowed, they had not the heart to longer strive. "So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel."

III Expository

8. **The king of Syria** — Benhadad II., the writer of the letter to King Jehoram which Naaman carried; afterward murdered by Hazael. Warred against Israel. — There had been a partial cessation of hostilities after the battle of Ramoth-gilead and the death of Ahab. Occasional forays were made across the frontier, chiefly for plunder, but the war was not formally resumed. Subsequently, as we shall see, the Syrian king changed his mode of warfare, concentrated his forces, and invested the Israelite capital. Took counsel with his servants — planned ambushes with his captains, possibly with the hope of entrapping King Jehoram himself, and making him a prisoner.

The word here rendered "camp" seems to contain the idea of an ambushade, which the story also requires. Accordingly, Ewald, making a slight change in the Hebrew letters, translates here, "in such and such a place shall ye make an ambushade;" and in the next verse, "there the Syrians are in ambushade" (Todd).

9, 10. **The man of God** — Elisha; so called because he represented God, bearing His messages, revealing His will. Sent unto the king of Israel — Jehoram. Beware that thou pass not such a place. — The king of Israel was thus forewarned of every ambushade, of every trap laid by his crafty enemies, and could act accordingly. The king of Israel sent to the place — to be interpreted in either of two ways: Jehoram sent spies to assure himself that Elisha's warnings were true, well-founded; or he anticipated the Syrians by himself preoccupying the places which they had decided to secretly seize. In either case the Syrian plans would be frustrated. Saved himself there. — Strictly, "he was ware," the verb being the same as that rendered "beware" in the preceding verse (Rawlinson). Not once nor twice — as we say, "over and over again."

He saved himself by heeding the warnings. Heeding is more important than hearing. No man saves himself by merely hearing of a danger. A man saves himself from hypocrisy by being sincere; from false prophets by rejecting their teachings; from covetousness by contentment with his possessions; from intemperance by letting rum and tobacco alone; from evil company by keeping clear of it (Trumbull).

11, 12. **The heart of the king** . . . sore troubled — very naturally. He was vexed that his carefully-laid plans should be so effectually defeated. He was perplexed, and made suspicious, by the uniformity — so to speak — with which he was thwarted. Evidently his intended movements could not have been guessed so exactly by his foe. Some one must have revealed them. There must be a traitor among his confidential advisers. Will ye not show me which of us is for the king of Israel? — After some particular occasion, when his proposed movement had been decided upon with every precaution of secrecy and yet had been frustrated, the disappointed, angry king put this searching question to his counselors: Some one of us is playing false; who is it? One of his servants — Naaman, perhaps. Elisha's fame had reached Damascus. Elisha . . . telleth . . . words thou speakest

in thy bedchamber. — The harem in the East is the place of almost absolute privacy. Elisha was therefore accredited with knowing and divulging the most secret words which the king could possibly speak. Of course, if the king's domestic secrets were instantly known to Elisha, his military schemes would be equally open.

This gift of secret sight, while one is in clear possession of all the faculties of consciousness, is similar to that of prophecy. The prophet only sees what others do not see when Jehovah grants it to him, and his sight does not apply to all things whatsoever, nor to all events as its legitimate objects, but only to those things which pertain directly or indirectly to the relation to Jehovah and to the guidance of the people of Israel as a nation, or as individuals. Moreover, it is not in the power of the prophet, by any physical and ever-availing means, to bring about this state of soul at will. This sight is therefore something entirely different from so-called clairvoyancy, which has nothing in common with divine revelation (Bahr).

13, 14. **Go and spy** (R. V., "see") where he is. — Benhadad's plan now is to capture the prophet, not, probably, with the intention of harming him, but simply of preventing any further communication between the prophet and King Jehoram. If he can get the prophet once into his power, he can lay his ambushes successfully, and perhaps capture Jehoram himself. He is in Dothan — a hill town, a little south of the plain of Esdraelon, and about a dozen miles north of Samaria. Here Joseph was sold by his brethren (Gen. 37: 17). Sent . . . horses and chariots and a great host — not that so large a force would be needed to capture a single man, but to prevent his escape. The town must be hemmed in on all sides, and this would require "a great host." Came by night and compassed the city about. — Humanly speaking, Benhadad was successful this time. His night march, and disposition of his troops, were a complete surprise. Elisha was caught in the net. But "how blind to imagine that he who could tell his secret counsels could not also frustrate the movements of his spies!" (Terry.)

15. **When the servant of the man of God** — not Gehazi, for he had been smitten with leprosy and dismissed. This new servant "had little, or no, experience in his master's powers" (Jamieson). Was risen early. — It is usual to rise early in the East, but the words imply unusual earliness. Quite likely the arrival of Benhadad's army would arouse the townspeople, though they might not be able to determine the cause. A host compassed the city. — The terrified servant probably made a circuit of the walls to see if there was any unguarded point, before he reported to his master. Alas, my master, how shall we do? — The servant's faith was weak. He could see nothing before him but death or captivity for himself and master.

16. **He answered, Fear not.** — Elisha's faith kept him calm and undismayed. He tried to bring his servant up to his own level of fearless trust. They that be with us are more, etc. — Elisha was no stranger to the invisible world. He knew that he was begirt by angelic spirits whether he could see them or not; and therefore though a host encamped against him, yet would he not fear.

Napoleon said, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Athanasius said, "God and one man are always a majority." Napoleon trusted in the battalion which could be seen on the field; Athanasius trusted in the battalions which God can bring into any field, "even thousands of angels," and the "ten thousand times ten thousand" who minister before Him (Trumbull).

17. **Elisha prayed.** — The young man was evidently still the victim of terror. He quite likely asked what and where this protecting host was. Lord . . . open his eyes. — Give him the demonstration which he craves. Uplift him into that ecstatic state in which what is unseen to the bodily eye

becomes visible to the spiritual perception. The Lord opened his eyes. — "The human spirit was seized and compassed by the Divine Spirit with such force and energy that, being lifted from its natural state, it became altogether a seeing eye, a hearing ear, a perceiving sense" (Terry). The mountain was full. — Dothan was built upon a mountain. Its base was invested by the Syrian host, but around its summit, hovering over the walls, filling the streets, were fiery steeds and chariots, "symbols of the protecting power of heaven. Fire, as the most ethereal of all earthly elements, was the most appropriate substratum for making the spirit world visible. The sight was based upon Jacob's vision (Gen. 32: 2)" (Kell). Round about Elisha. — The servant perceived that this celestial host was Elisha's body-guard.

Thus it is that the blessed angels of God have ministered from time to time to His people, in the days of their distress. They pity our frailties. They are as ready to help us as the bad angels are to tempt us. Always they stand, looking in the face of God to receive orders, which they no sooner have than they readily dispatch (Spencer).

13. When they came down to him. — The "coming down" is explained by the hills surrounding that of Dothan. As they "came down" to capture Elisha, he probably went down to meet them. Smite this people with blindness. — The Hebrew word rendered "blindness" is a peculiar one. It is a compound one, and may be rendered "visual bewilderment," "hallucination." The corresponding word in the Syriac version means "spectres," "swimming vision." Evidently, therefore, the infliction was not one of total blindness. Some commentators regard it as a mental bewilderment purely, a spiritual blindness, so that Elisha was not recognized by them as the object of their search.

Elisha's act was not merely a piece of good-nature and magnanimity; it was rather a prophetic act, in the strict sense of the words, which had no other aim than to glorify the God of Israel. Not for his own sake did Elisha pray Jehovah to smite the Syrians with blindness, but in order that he might lead them to Samaria. The thanks for their surrender into the hands of the king were due, not to him, but to Jehovah. Jehoram was to learn once more to recognize the faithfulness and might of Jehovah, and to be convinced that there was "a prophet in Israel" from the fact that these dangerous enemies were delivered into his hands without a blow. On the other hand, Benhadad and the Syrians were to learn that they could not accomplish anything, with all their cunning plots, against "the prophet that is in Israel" (Bahr).

IV Inferential

1. The salvation of a State is not in its armies, but in good men to whom God communicates the secrets of His wisdom.
2. The wicked are "troubled" when their devices come to naught. They never suspect God is working against them.
3. How safe it is to trust in Him who knows all the wiles of the adversary, and can direct us how to escape from them!
4. There is no privacy which shuts out God.
5. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."
6. Those who live near God escape fear and see visions.
7. The invisible world is more real than the material world; for "the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal."
8. Those who fight against God must expect to be blinded and humbled.

V Illustrative

We have here lifted for us for a moment a corner of the curtain that hides from us the invisible world. The miracle is not in the scene disclosed, but in the supernatural opening of the eye to behold it. This invis-

ible world, lying all above us and around us, and full of the evidences of God's providence beyond all that visible nature ever furnishes, is a truth too little taught by our best modern theology, and wholly ignored by our most pretentious science; and yet what has the latter to say against it? A careful study of the Scriptures shows that the world has a larger population than our ordinary means of knowledge would lead us to suppose. Invisible beings, superhuman if not angelic, having ethereal vehicles of motion, and of vast force, may occupy, not merely the surfaces of the earth, and of other bodies which we suppose to be inhabited, but fill the air, the ether lying above the air, and all the intervening resisting space between the remotest parts of the earth, visible to our telescope. There is nothing incredible, irrational, or unscientific in the idea. The consoling doctrine of mighty invisible agencies forming vast hosts under God's direction, working in nature, perhaps in its most interior depths, and all for the carrying on of His moral kingdom, is too clearly presented on the face of the Bible to be denied. It is mentioned by the prophet here, not as a casual circumstance, but as having a constancy and a commonness equal to anything in what we call the visible sphere. He prays that the young man's eyes may be opened, that is, that his inner sight may be supernaturally quickened to discern the mighty fact. This tradition of guardian angels, and of guardian genii, and of an all-surrounding and invisible world, has ever been in the human mind. We find it strikingly set forth by the old poet Hesiod: "Thrice ten thousand watchers of mortal men walk the broad life-feeding earth. Clothed in air, they scan the just and evil deeds of men." Milton doubtless had reference to this passage when he makes it part of Adam's address to Eve in their evening worship: —

"Nor think, tho' men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen; both when we wake and when we sleep."

This is a rational as well as a glorious belief. Well says an author of note, "To insist that nothing exists but what the human eye can see is more worthy the intellect of a Caliban than that of a Milton or a Newton" (Tayler Lewis).

Dr. Beet's Book on the Last Things

SEVERAL ministers ventured to call attention to the publication of this book from the pen of one of our theological professors, and asked for the direction of the Conference in the questions that would come before them in the administration of their circuits. If a lay preacher, for instance, was under examination, and answered that his views of immortality were the same as Dr. Beet's, was the answer to be accepted as satisfactory? In the end a committee of seven was appointed to consider the question. The committee was huge, possibly an attempt to copy the proportions of the Great Synagogue or of the Sanhedrin, and many men were put upon it not by any means distinguished for the delicacy of their theological perceptions. The great difficulty felt by the committee, when it came to look closely at the case, was that the conclusions were fairly orthodox, but the arguments leading up to the conclusions seemed to favor conditional immortality. After the committee had met it adjourned, to allow some of Dr. Beet's friends to talk with him, and find out whether he would not meet the committee by some help or suggestion of his own. The committee did not wish to put undue pressure upon Dr. Beet or force him to modify his position by ecclesiastical threats. Dr. Beet had previously declared that he did not teach his special views in the class-room nor

in the pulpit. Before the committee met again, Dr. Beet intimated to his friends that he would request his publishers to issue no further edition of the book when the present was sold out. The committee embodied Dr. Beet's assurance in its findings, and the Conference unanimously accepted those findings. Dr. Beet wished it to be understood that he made this concession in the interests of peace and without any departure in his own mind from the positions in which he found himself. He will not suffer by this concession, for the book is not one of his best, the question of its theology apart, and he stands as high as ever in the esteem and affection of his brethren. The recommendation of the committee was moved by Mr. Watkinson, the ex-president, and seconded by Mr. Marshall Randles, one of his chief opponents. Mr. Marshall Randles promised to issue no more editions of the pamphlet in which he had been bombarding Dr. Beet. — *British Weekly's Report of Wesleyan Conference.*

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The Deaconess Department

ON the next page will be found a very interesting report of the meeting of the Methodist Deaconess Assembly at Acton, Ind., Aug. 6-8, by the principal of our New England Training School, Miss Hibbard, who attended the Assembly on her way from her vacation, spent this year in Michigan. New England was also represented. We hope much from these annual gatherings of the workers in and for this agency of God and His church.

We insert the two following items in the first of the Deaconess Department (which is always devoted to the general rather than the local work) to impress upon our readers that our Homes are "workers together" with each other as well as "with God," and while each has its peculiarities of needs and management, yet the work is one, and, in a very precious sense, the workers are one, and each rejoices in the blessings given to and through the others. More and more as the work goes on will the helpfulness of this be apparent, in the exchange of workers for better adaptability of work, climate, etc., and this is in part made more easy by the costume now adopted by all the Homes of our American Methodism. Then, too, the organization of the Methodist Deaconess Society, to which all licensed deaconesses are eligible to membership, is calculated to put the work on a very firm basis, which in time will undoubtedly help to overcome many of the perplexities that have arisen in the pioneer decade of the work. Now for the items which gave rise to these suggestions regarding the unity of the movement. The following is an extract from a letter received recently at the Home in Boston:—

"Having read the call in the last number of ZION'S HERALD for some persons in the country to send to the Providence, R. I., Deaconess Home to help some poor mother and children, or children only, to get into the country for a week or two, or else invite some of them to their home for rest and change, my sister and I have been wondering if there may not be some deaconess in the Boston Home who would like a home in a beautiful Vermont village for a week or two, or if not one of these, do you know of any poor tolling woman or girl to whom a short rest in the country would be a blessing? If so, and you have money in the Fresh Air Fund to pay their traveling expenses, we will gladly furnish such a home and try to make her happy for two weeks at least."

This came in direct answer to fervent, trustful prayer, and the railroad ticket was more than provided for by a gift received recently from a generous friend who wished it used for just such a purpose.

The next letter also came to the Home in Boston, accompanied by the pretty comforter referred to:—

"This comforter was pieced (or the squares were pieced) by a class of children aged from five to ten years. Then they worked very hard for a number of weeks drilling for an entertainment which they gave to get money enough to buy the material to put it together. They became interested in the deaconess work by hearing a deaconess from the Boston Home early in the winter, and wished to do something for the deaconess poor. After the squares were pieced and the money earned, they found there was enough for two quilts, and as a deaconess from the Fall River Home has been here since and presented the work, the children wished to send one to Boston and one to our nearest Home (Fall River). I think it would please the children to hear that some poor person has been made happier and more comfortable with the gift."

We have not yet given it out, but are sure that when cold weather comes we shall find just the right family to bestow it upon, where it will not only keep bodies warm, but warm the hearts as well with the sweet thought that God really cares for them, and

as one proof of His love put it into the hearts of these dear children to do this loving service.

Deaconess Work in Boston

691-693 Massachusetts Avenue

Home Notes

—A pleasant occurrence at the Home last month deserves more than the passing notice it kindly received in the "Brieflets" in a recent number of ZION'S HERALD, and we are sure our readers will like to know a little more about it. We refer to the "home-coming" of three of our Training School graduates who have been engaged in efficient service in the foreign field. They were Miss M. Alice Moore from Brazil, S. A.; Miss Florence L. Nichols from Lucknow, India; and Miss Josephine O. Paine from Seoul, Korea. It would have been a pleasure to have had a complete family reunion, but this could not be, for two of our dear ones are in heaven, two others in Japan and China, and many in our own land could not be summoned in time. We did, however, welcome back Miss Clara M. Organ from her temporary but beautiful work in the Young Women's Christian Association at Lowell, and Mrs. E. J. Helms, who, as "pastor's assistant" at Morgan Chapel, is perhaps as much in one sense a foreign missionary as the others. Very merry was the gathering at the tea-table, at which we "reminisced" to our hearts' content, and very tender were our hearts then made as the burden of the evening prayer was deep gratitude for the boundless Divine love which had kept our dear ones and returned them to us, which had helped us all at home or abroad to so gladly give ourselves to the sweet ministry of serving others "for Jesus' sake," and which makes us and will forever keep us "one in Christ;" and, as we looked out into the untold future, and thought how likely it was that we should never all be together again on earth, we rejoiced that by the help of God, "whose we are and whom we serve," we would still be privileged, with heart and life more fully—because more intelligently—given to Him, to be made a blessing to others in whatever place He puts us for service, until the work here is done and we go to the home above, "to go no more out forever."

Hospital Notes

—The Hospital Training School this year will give a full course of instruction. Lessons from the text-books will be accompanied by demonstration and drill in the wards and operating room. A full course of lectures by eminent physicians and surgeons has also been arranged. We fervently hope that the time will come when we shall have only deaconess nurses, and enough of these not only to supply the Hospital, but for district work in connection with our Home and other Homes that are appealing to us for such help; but for the present applications will be received from women desirous of becoming professional nurses, and will be responded to as the needs of the Hospital will permit, provided the applicants are thoroughly deaconess in spirit. Application may be made to the superintendent, or to the superintending nurse, Miss M. E. Booker.

—A poor woman recently employed for cleaning in the Hospital said, when receiving her pay for the day's work: "I thought in the early afternoon that it was too hot and I was too tired to work any longer, but when I chanced to look up and see the motto on the wall: 'Thank God and take courage,' I just did it, and kept on working, and I am

so glad I did, for it did not hurt me, and I need the money so much."

Training School Notes

—Applications from new students are receiving favorable action from the committee, and the indications are that we shall have a good-sized family, rendering quite necessary the furnishing of a separate house for its use, as stated in our last issue. We will again remind our friends that they can aid us greatly if they will send suitable furniture either new or second-hand.

—We hope, also, that the supply of canned fruit will be generous, for it can be very appreciatively used by all three parts of our deaconess family, and gladly shared with our poor people outside.

Deaconess Notes

—It was a laundry. I was wondering whether the owner would like some violets or not. At last I entered. "I brought these to you," I said. With a bright smile he responded: "Muchee thankee you!" I wondered whether he loved God and said to myself, "Some other day I'll go in again and then I'll ask him." In passing the door next day, I noticed a placard which all his customers must see, on which the whole plan of salvation was printed. It was John 3:16. Truly of him can be said, "He hath done what he could." I have learned my lesson. No man is a foreigner to God. Those little violets had gone to my brother. May God bless the little hands that picked them!

—The babies from the day-nursery at Morgan Chapel were taken to South Boston for a picnic. There were sixteen children from two to five years of age, and nine nationalities were represented. The children had a very enjoyable time playing in the sand until tired; then they wanted to play something else. One of the deaconesses who went said: "It was truly a pathetic sight to see those babies play. We know how quickly children imitate their elders, so these little ones played life as they knew it. The little tots seemed to have no idea of any play except being drunk and taken up by the police. One child would drag another by the arm to some post, then call (as if by telephone), 'Send the patrol.' Then two more little ones would come prancing up and take the one to prison. This was their idea of play, learned from their home life!" Very different is the life taught them while under the care of their kind teachers at the Chapel. When it was time for supper it was a pretty sight to see sixteen babies seated in a semicircle on the sand, their tiny hands folded, singing this grace:—

"God is just, God is good,
And we thank Him for this food;
By His hand must all be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

As the deaconess told of it at the table she said: "Many people stopped to watch them; one baby, instead of devoutly singing like the others, was trying to pick at the eyes of the baby next to her!" The deaconess was laughingly asked, "How did you know what she was doing?" She very quickly replied, "Oh, Miss—told me" (naming another deaconess who was there). She admitted the charge, saying that she could not resist the temptation to watch the little dears.

Notes from the Fall River and Providence Homes failed to reach us this month, but we hope this disappointment to our readers will not occur again. Contributed articles on the deaconess work from friends of the movement would help to make the department interesting and helpful.

METHODIST DEACONESS ASSEMBLY

ELLEN L. HIBBARD.

ON Friday, Aug. 5, with a party of twenty-five people, we left Chicago at 9 A. M. Boxes, bags and bundles in hand, the deaconesses welcomed each other — old friends from different Homes with glad hand-clasps, and new ones with cordial words of greeting. Bestowing ourselves in one end of the coach, we started on our way toward our destination at Acton Camp-ground.

The genial president of the Acton Camp-ground Association, Rev. J. W. Dashiell, D. D., spent a little time with us in learning names, etc., and the conductor of our train enlivened the way with most amusing incidents of the queer people he daily meets.

Indianapolis was reached about 3 P. M. Here our party divided, several weary ones agreeing to stay by the stuff at the station, a number to visit the Presbyterian Hospital near by, and an equal number to take a long car ride through the clean, bright city streets and between the broad cornfields on the route to Broad Ripple Park.

Taking the train again at 5.30, we soon reached the camp-ground, used for this purpose for so many years. Accommodations had been provided for us at the hotel and in two rented cottages, and we looked about us, ate our supper with good appetites, and were early to bed.

The morning trains brought Mrs. Meyer from New York, Miss Todd from Providence, R. I., and a large number from Cincinnati, including Dr. Weakley and Miss Pierce of Christ Hospital and the new superintendent of the Home.

Bishop Joyce was present, and presided to the pleasure of all who participated, for his deep spiritual power is never more apparent than in connection with this work in which he so fully believes.

After the opening devotional exercises, the theme of the morning was announced as "The Deaconess Ideal." Mrs. Meyer's subject was, "I commend unto you Phoebe." She said, in part: "Phoebe is to be commended because she is *here* and something is to be done with her. Accept the conditions, study them, and see how best to use this new force. The father does not inquire whether the child is the seventh or eighth child in the family, but expects to support each. So the church, the parent of the deaconess, must support her, financially, by prayer and encouragement, and by considering her an officer of the church and giving her her true position."

Miss Monlux, of Chicago, next spoke of "The Sound Body," referring to the body as the most intricate of all the Creator's works. The machinist does not let his engine become covered with dust, lack oil, and wear out with friction, but day after day cares for it with solicitude. So must we do. "Better to wear out than to rust out," is often said. But this phrase, "to wear out," may have two meanings. A garment may wear out prematurely through neglect. It may also wear out after long use and after continual darning and patching. And we can tell the difference between these at a glance. So we see bodies, feeble and worn, but showing plainly the effects of a long life of usefulness.

"The Progressive Mind" was the subject of the next paper, by Miss Passmore, of Chicago. She held that the progressive mind and the deeply spiritual nature were considered and effectively presented as ideals toward which we should all strive. Only as we keep our intellect clear, only as we strive to enter into the lives of the young, by intellectual sympathy with them, can we win them to us and the church.

Miss Adron, of Milwaukee, Wis., next spoke feelingly of the need of the deep heart-life of

the individual worker, and said that each day must deepen and broaden this life or our work will be a failure.

Among the good things of the afternoon session was a fine paper by Miss Wolf, of Jeffersonville, in which she spoke of a man who thought the millennium had come when women worked without salary "for Jesus' sake," alone. Bishop Joyce heartily responded "Amen," and bade her repeat this statement that all present might remember it.

A very interesting account of deaconess work in our Conference districts was presented by Miss Tingley, now of Toronto, Canada, but formerly working in the Freeport District of Illinois. She strikingly portrayed the needs of deaconess work in our village and country parishes, and outlined the work which might be done in such.

A spirited discussion followed, taken part in by Miss Pierce of Cincinnati, Mrs. Meyer, and several others, on the subject of "Help without Giving." Mrs. Meyer held that without due discretion much harm would result from alms bestowed; that street beggars should never be encouraged by gifts; that it were better the body be half-starved than the self-respect be broken by dependence and the heart hardened by deceit.

It is impossible to give even extracts of any length from many of the papers and addresses, though all were excellent, but that of Rev. Dr. Weakley, of Cincinnati, on "The Deaconess Hospital," will be especially interesting to readers of ZION'S HERALD. He said, in part: "The deaconess movement is here to stay, though as yet comparatively in its infancy. Sisterhoods that have stayed in other countries are those which have embodied the principles of religion. Their nurses have been women of highest culture, etc. What are our largest opportunities? Hospitals, infirmaries, homes for children, and the like. Our work should take on more and more this character. God's family should care for its own. Jews care for their own. Buddhists are obliged to contemplate the sorrows of mankind certain hours each day. Rome is more indebted for its influence in this country to what the nurses have wrought than to the priests for what they have taught. Methodism will finally see her duty in regard to hospitals and similar institutions. No deaconess work will so well prosper until it has a hospital or some kind of a house of mercy."

Bishop Joyce, in his farewell to the deaconesses, said: "If you will go for your next meeting to Ocean Grove, if you will have an Assembly with such papers, such addresses, such a spirit as has been on this camp-ground for the last three days, you will capture the Atlantic coast. You have gained the confidence of level-headed, sensible business men who were here. You have inspired us all. I do not wish to flatter you, to make merely smooth speeches to you, but I do wish to say that I am grateful to God for the privilege of being with you, and that I am proud of you."

Assembly Notes.

— So very much of the success of the Assembly depended upon the helpful sympathy and hearty co-operation of Bishop Joyce, that I hardly see how any deaconess meeting hereafter can ever spare his presence. I do not wonder he is called "Bishop Re-joyce," for the three thousand people who crowded to listen on Sunday morning to his sermon, saw the joy in his face, and their hearty responses told of the contagion of such Christian feeling. One old lady was heard to say anxiously: "The Bishop will get so happy one of these days he'll just die, I am afraid!"

— "When I came here three days ago, I was not in favor of deaconess work," said a minister from Indianapolis, when leading the devotional services on Monday. "But I am now thoroughly convinced of its value to our church and the world. I have had such

a delightful time that I wish it could last longer, so that I could go home and bring my wife and daughters."

— Forty-two deaconesses and three members of boards of management, and a number of visitors, spent the three days very profitably together at the hotel and in cottages.

— "Well, I have had the privilege of riding in a special car before," said a deaconess, "but I never had one put on for me in the middle of my trip until today." That was just what did happen at Indianapolis. When the conductor of the "Big Four" saw that party of "white ties" attempting to board the already full car, he smiled in a kind way, and lo! directly another coach was attached to the train, and our party with some Salvation Army people took possession of it, in view of a long train full of people whose heads filled the open windows to see what caused the delay outside. A cheery time we had within, with luncheon, songs and a collection. Yes, certainly a collection, for whoever knew Methodists or "Hallelujah Lassies" to omit that part of the program?

— Resolutions on the death of Rev. M. D'C. Crawford, D. D., president of the Board of New York Deaconess Home and Training School, Rev. W. N. Brodbeck, D. D., president of the Board of New England Deaconess Home, Training School and Hospital, and Rev. Jacob Rothweller, D. D., president of the Board of Louisville Deaconess Home, were passed. These invaluable friends of our cause have all been called away since our last convention in 1896.

— So greatly were the people of Acton Camp-ground interested in the deaconesses, that a commodious cottage, with money to repair it, was given them while there.

— The Christian hops which spoke throughout the address of Rev. W. E. McLennan, of Berwyn, Ill., in his presentation of "The Open Door of the City," will long remain to cheer the heart of the deaconess as she toils in the dark by-ways.

— "In any crisis of church or state, necessity no sooner raises the question, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' than God answers with His man. The twentieth century city is both a problem and a crisis. This time God answers with a woman. The greatest force in the world is heart force. The deaconess, incarnating this heart force, is God's response to the cry of need." So said Rev. A. J. Coultas, of Providence, R. I.

— "A minister of Omaha said that there had been more conversions in our Deaconess Hospital during the year than in all the churches," said Miss Pirimmer, superintendent of Omaha Hospital. "One night our boy Ray told his nurse he had forgotten to read his Bible and pray. So the nurse read and prayed with him. Next night as she did so, another lad who could leave his bed came over and knelt beside her; and before the week closed, every man in the ward who could leave his bed was in Ray's corner at prayer time, and a number of them were soundly converted."

— Rev. H. W. Bennett, D. D., of Anderson, Ind., said: "Sometimes God lifts an incident in a life into immortality, for with Him what we call small things are often great, and what we call great things are small. These immortal incidents are immortal — why? Because they are unselfish, glorified by love. The deaconess lives a life of immortal incidents."

— The special sessions for business and consultation were ably conducted by Miss Eva C. Gregg, of Chicago, president of the Methodist Episcopal Deaconess Society.

— The generosity and courtesy of the "Big Four" railroad in granting passes to speakers, and of the Camp-ground Association in giving entertainment to the same, are most highly appreciated.

ENDURE HARDNESS

When life is beautiful
As some sweet dream,
Soft as the summer
In the moonlight's gleam,
Scented with roses,
Surfeited with love,
Faint grow the voices
Calling from above.

When the foot falters,
For the way is steep,
When to the weary
Rest comes not nor sleep,
When eyes are steadfast,
When the heart is strong,
Clear the Excelsior
Rings out in song.

Wouldst thou live nobly?
Brace nerves and heart,
Rejoice in the struggle,
Do the brave part.
Give heed to the voices
Urgent and stern,
That summon where fiercest
The battle-fires burn.

Bear hardness, be hero,
Good soldier of Christ;
By the cross, in the trial
Keep thou the tryst;
Not pleasure, but duty,
Not ease, but strife,
Give triumph and glory,
And worth to life.

— MARIANNE FAERNINGHAM, in *Christian World*.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

A COUNTRY PASTOR.

IN a former issue of ZION'S HERALD appeared an article entitled, "The Problem of the Country Church." As was remarked by the writer, "Many able articles have been written on this subject, and many remedies offered." However, it being the duty of every consecrated servant of the Lord to seek to promote spiritual activity in the church, and impress upon the sinner the danger of wilful neglect of salvation, these suggestions are submitted by one who yearns to save precious souls from perdition.

The country churches, it is said, are dying. The reasons have been ascribed to various causes. While we do not pretend to argue against any of the assertions made, we certainly cannot agree with them all.

1. If our brother would consider the fact that secret organizations are often stepping-stones to Christian experience, although not considered religious, he would not have attributed the decline of spirituality in the church so directly to this cause; but perhaps our brother does not speak from experience.

2. That the financial difficulty should decrease spiritual interest in the pastor and people is lamentable. We have read of some of our ablest itinerants who hardly received \$100 a year, who yet, going from place to place, sometimes on foot, successfully preached the Gospel, warming the hearts of believers, and convicting and converting sinners.

3. That the cause is often pastoral, we must admit. Few men of ability and genius are willing to cast in their lot with small country societies, and be content with the living they afford. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labor-

ers are few." This being the case, we should pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest, whose aim and purpose of life will be to spend and be spent in the work, wherever they are most needed, un-mindful of the size of the salaries paid. And after making this prayer, let us arise from our knees determined to go, if needed, and rescue the perishing churches among the mountains. The country churches appreciate a sermon from the presiding elder, and so do the pastors of the country churches; but if the pastor cannot warm the hearts of his people in the cottage-meetings and during his pastoral visits, as well as from the pulpit, the people will suffer from spiritual starvation, and will not be able to digest the heavier food they receive when favored by a sermon from a more gifted and eloquent preacher.

We believe that the remedy for spiritual death is spiritual life, and we receive this life when we truly desire it. It is also contagious. One member who is filled with the true spirit will infuse it into others and inspire them to greater zeal. Care, however, should be taken that we be not deceived by the spirit. We should try the spirit and be sure that it is the Spirit of God and not the spirit of grumbling, or uncharitable dispositions, or of vainglory and bitterness.

With a strong class of men in the parsonages of the country churches great success for the cause of Christ is obtainable, and we hope that there are among the laymen of our larger churches, who are gifted and called to the work as well as preachers, men who will volunteer to supply this great need of the church, and sacrifice some of their present comforts for the cause of Christ and souls in a country pastorate.

Whatever other remedies may be suggested, we feel the need of a self-sacrificing spirit; and when men and women, called of God, are ready to say, "Here am I, send me," there will be no incumbents to encumber, secret societies will not be in the way, social gatherings will become a blessing and will be conducted in prayer-meeting order, and the Lord will provide that which He sees His

servants need, if they, like Paul, are content with their lot.

Brethren, let us pray and work for our country churches!

DR. WOOD'S VICTORY

REV. ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG.

AN exceedingly interesting story is revived by the correspondence of J. M. Spangler in the *Christian Advocate*, in which he describes the persecution of Dr. T. B. Wood, at Lima, Peru, by subservient government officials. Several years ago a daughter of Dr. Wood and Mr. F. A. Hazeltine, now of South Bend, Wash., were united in marriage. The wedding was performed in Peru by Dr. Wood, but the Roman Catholic authorities refused to record the marriage. There was much international correspondence over the matter at the time, and an effort made to induce the Pope to interfere and bring about a proper recognition. At the last General Conference there was some talk of making an issue of the matter, but it did not get much of a hearing. Since that time Dr. Wood has secured the passage of a civil marriage bill in Peru. The bill was vetoed, but was passed over the president's veto, and thus Dr. Wood scored a victory. The priests blame Dr. Wood, hence the persecutions described.

Back of the legal aspects of this case is an interesting story which is not as widely known as the trouble over the recognition of the marriage. Dr. Wood had three daughters in Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. Their names were Elsie, Amy and Agnes. Several years ago they left Massachusetts to join their father in South America. F. A. Hazeltine was a passenger on the steamer that bore the young ladies to their South American home. During the passage Hazeltine and Agnes became engaged. Hazeltine moved to Washington and started a paper at South Bend. Meanwhile Amy had become engaged to a young man in Wilbraham. Then came a terrible shock to the family and to Hazeltine in the death of Agnes, and, if reports are correct, she was buried on the day she expected to be united in

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See list of genuine brands.

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marriage with the young editor. Soon thereafter Amy received word that the young man to whom she was engaged in Wilbraham was very ill, and she at once took steamer for the United States. When she arrived she was met with the news of his death, which had taken place during her passage from South America. She remained with the stricken relatives for a short time and then returned home.

Hazeltine corresponded with Dr. Wood's family regularly, and the similarity of their loss and suffering seemed to draw him and Amy together. The attachment deepened, and soon led to an engagement and marriage. During this time Dr. Wood had removed to Callao, Peru. The marriage was performed by him in the presence of the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States and Great Britain. The certificate was sent to the local municipal office for registration, but was declined because the ceremony was performed by a Protestant minister without regard to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. In that country no marriage is legal except as solemnized by a Roman Catholic priest, after confession and communion, as required by the Catholic Church. The matter was appealed to the departmental authorities, and the decision reversed and the certificate ordered recorded. The Romanists appealed to the central government at whose head stood Nicholas Pierola, who came into power by revolution. The central power sustained the decision of the local authorities and the certificate was not recorded. It was regarded as an act of unjust discrimination, probably incited by the clerical party, because before the instance in question the authorities had recorded Protestant marriages without protest.

It would seem from Mr. Spangler's letter that Dr. Wood had won a victory and is now suffering the consequences. Mr. and Mrs. Hazeltine are honored residents of South Bend, and are prominent in the councils of western Washington Methodism.

Seattle, Wash.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Henniker.—Pastor Locke and family are of good courage and hopefully anticipate increase in Zion. One of the old and faithful members of that church, Miss Lizzie Flint, was reported as apparently nearing the last river, if not already in it, on Sunday last. Very few of those who were members of this church at the time of my first acquaintance with it remain on the earthly shore. Some improvements of the house of worship are greatly needed. A metallic ceiling in place of the broken plaster, and easier pews and a less number in place of the angular orthodoxy of the old generation's sittings would be a donation for which this little church and its pastor would be devoutly grateful.

The two camp-meetings on this district will, we trust, be occasions of spiritual profit, and both at Claremont and Wilnot we expect to see souls brought into the kingdom of God.

Derry, St. Luke's. has entered upon a campaign for securing a pipe organ, and will succeed in this as in other matters which it has undertaken "In His Name."

Our district rejoices that the missionary debt seems at last to be driven into a corner, and the office has decided to call on some of the most aggressive of our city Methodists to devise plans for the payment of the last ten thousand.

East Derry.—Pastor Matthews gratefully records the improved condition of the health of

his wife. Children's Day here was made a jubilee, with a congregation of 130, and the month of July showed an average attendance of seventy—a large increase over last year. Seventy-five were present on Aug. 7, at the quarterly meeting occasion.

Manchester, Trinity Church. needing some money for the expense of an organ, interest and other matters, appointed a committee of ways and means to work in conjunction with the Ladies' Aid Society for the liquidation of these bills. Pastor Rowell is doing good honest hard work in the Master's name, and he cannot lose his reward.

St. James', Manchester. began the year under the burden of \$160 debt on account of last year, but the brethren have decided on a change of policy here, putting the pastor into their own house at 636 Pine St., making the necessary modifications, and giving it furnace heat and a bath-room. This will make about \$100 expense, but it will give, as many think, about as good and convenient a parsonage as we have on the district. May North Manchester Methodism rally to the work here and make this church, what it ought to be, a first-class evangelizing agency!

First Church, Manchester.—Some of the people are a little bit worried lest the needs of stronger societies should deprive them of their pastor. He is not, however, putting himself into any crossroads advertising bureau, but is doing heartily the work committed to his hands. Great improvements in church and parsonage have been made here during this pastorate, especially the putting in of furnace heat and a bath-room with hot and cold water, adding greatly to the comfort of the pastor's household. The bills are all paid. Mr. Dockrill has good-naturedly responded to the call of Superintendent Rowley, of Hedding Chautauqua, for two lectures this season, which will greatly aid the work of the Summer School. Rev. Messrs. Coult and Taggart are helpful members of this quarterly conference, and all the people unite in the earnest hope that they may "return late to heaven." Mr. Coult suffers great inconvenience from failing vision, yet he is nearly always at church morning and evening and is an excellent hearer. Mr. Taggart's health is not quite what it was before he passed the seventieth milestone, but he is always ready as much as in him lies for any service he can render to any in the ministry of the Word or in the work of a carpenter, and whether at this, or his repairing the human "understanding," his services are heartily appreciated by those so happy as to secure them.

Our Summer School at Claremont, which will be under way before this note appears, will, it is hoped, furnish a good opportunity for an outing in a quiet place with healthful conditions. The lecture course is an exceptionally good one for such an occasion. SIRON.

Concord District

Moultonboro.—Rev. H. F. Quimby is preaching a series of sermons on the Lord's Prayer. The summer visitors are attentive to the church services. Dr. L. T. Townsend preached Sunday morning, Aug. 7.

Stark.—The quarterly conference has decided that it must not reduce the claim, though it was expected that it would be done. So Rev. C. J. Brown is to receive \$600. He is full of work. For a time he is preaching four times a Sunday. The work looks hopeful.

Milan, West Milan and Dummer.—Everything is going well here. Rev. Willis Holmes is pushing all departments.

Groveton and Stratford.—The pastor took the presiding elder's place for one of his crowded Sundays, while the elder sought to help the people of this charge in their financial matters. Rev. E. B. Perkins made a good substitute—good enough to be the original. He is diligently at work in every line.

The Last of that Missionary Debt.—We are within a few dollars of having our full apportionment as a district. Let us make a last strong pull. If the churches that have paid nothing yet, would raise \$2 each, we would soon have our full amount. Let us have it quickly, brethren, and then we will say no more about it. Who will be the first to respond?

Haverhill.—Rev. E. E. Reynolds is very happy in his work here, and the people feel the same way. Congregations are good, and the social meetings are improving. While Mr. Reynolds works his charge well, he also works a splendid garden, having one of the very best any pastor

ever had there, and one of the best we have seen anywhere this season.

East Haverhill.—Rev. W. T. Carter is popular with the people of this charge, and there are hopeful signs. Rev. M. Howard is supplying at Haverhill Street, Lawrence, while his son, the pastor of that church, is recuperating at Littleton. He is reported to us as improving, having gained five pounds in two weeks, and being able to sleep better. His complete recovery would be gratifying to his many friends.

Ministerial Institute.—We wish all our young men especially, and the older ones, too, could have attended this gathering at Hedding. The program was exceptionally good. We were only present for a day, but in that time heard enough to inspire us to seek to know more. The work of Dean Wright will be remembered by all who heard him. Such a gathering as this ought to have a whole Conference to reap the benefits.

We hope northern New Hampshire will be blessed by the Groveton camp-meeting, Aug. 29 to Sept. 3.

Rev. Elihu Snow has gone to White River Junction, Vt., to spend the month of August. He is hopeful that he will be ready for work soon.

We hear general expressions of praise of the Children's Day program, "Pictures of Heroic Methodism." It was universally enjoyed. B.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

St. Johnsbury District

Wait's River.—The transformation in the church at this place is a remarkable illustration of how a little money can be used to great advantage. About \$200 have made the interior of the church as good as new. The floors have been carpeted, the walls whitened, the pews stained and varnished, and altogether the old dilapidated church looks new and modern. Rev. E. S. Cudworth is much improved in health and is taking up his work again. During his illness his good

2
3
?

"Three from two you can't," says the schoolboy. Right! Three from two you can't, either in dollars or dividends or sarsaparilla. It takes the best sarsaparilla root to make the best sarsaparilla extract. The best sarsaparilla comes from Honduras, C. A., and the Dr. Ayer Co. practically controls the entire product. Yet others claim to be making "best" sarsaparilla. They must be making it out of the remainder left after subtracting three from two. But, "three from two you can't." You can't make the best sarsaparilla without best root. You only get the best when you

Get Ayer's
Sarsaparilla

which is made wholly from the best root imported from Honduras.

wife carried on the entire work of the charge, and her pulpits ministrations were so acceptable that the quarterly conference voted her a local preacher's license. This action was allowed to go on record as an expression of the church's appreciation of her services.

East Orange.—Dean Brooks, of the College of Law, Syracuse University, with his family, is spending his vacation here as usual, it being the old home of Mrs. Brooks, nee Miss Kate Jewell. He has been making himself useful, having conducted several services at the church in the absence of a clergyman, and many think his leadership preferable to that of some ministers.

Plainfield.—A good congregation attended Sunday evening, Aug. 7, when the presiding elder was present. Rev. A. L. Cooper, D. D., is held in highest esteem, and is one of the youngest of the brethren, though he has held an effective relation to the Conference for fifty years.

Marshfield and South Cabot.—Large congregations attend the ministry of Rev. S. C. Lewis at this place, and everything seems in good condition, with an upward tendency. The interest at South Cabot is good, and the future is full of promise.

Personal.—Rev. C. W. Morse, of Newport Centre, a superannuated member of this Conference, has been to the hospital in Burlington to be operated on for appendicitis. He is convalescent, and expects to return home this week.

Mrs. Todd, wife of Rev. W. I. Todd, of Groton, had a serious relapse a few weeks ago, and it was thought she could not live; but she is better

again, and under the care of a trained nurse it is hoped she may recover.

A son of Rev. A. Gregory, of Holland and Morgan, has been critically ill at Peacham. At this writing we are not informed of his condition.

Rev. Thomas Tyrie, of St. Johnsbury, is spending his vacation among the Thousand Islands in the beautiful St. Lawrence. His headquarters are in Ogdensburg, N. Y., where his son is a successful architect.

Camp-meeting.—The prospects for a good camp-meeting are increasing with every day. The plan of assigning a particular service to the charge, instead of to the pastor personally, seems to have awakened interest in a larger number. The laymen realize that something is expected of them, and that we depend on them for success as much as on the ministers. Let there be a grand rally and such utter consecration as will give God an opportunity to show what He can do through the instrumentality of "willing and obedient" disciples.

H. A. S.

Montpelier District

South Royalton.—Owing to the serious ill-health of Mrs. Sharp, the pastor has gone on a vacation of several weeks, a part of which will be spent at the Claremont camp-ground.

Bethel.—In the absence of the pastor this young and growing work is cared for by Mr. J. Wesley Miller, whose name is like ointment poured forth in all that region.

South Tunbridge.—This place is now without a pastor; but the members have bravely resolved to continue a Sunday-school on Sabbath afternoons, attending preaching service at other places in the forenoon.

Hancock and Granville.—Unusual and very gratifying success is attending the labors of Pastor Lang on this circuit, especially on the Hancock end. Not for a long time have the congregations been as large or the Sunday-school and social meetings as prosperous. The people have bought a team and given it to Mr. Lang; and have also secured a subscription of over \$300 toward his salary. The two places recently united in a Sunday-school picnic.

Bellows Falls.—The first quarter of the year closed with all bills paid—a thing almost unprecedented in the history of the church. This is specially remarkable in view of the fact that a very large proportion of the support received by the pastor the first quarter came from the late F. P. Ball, who was wont to pay \$5 a Sunday for the first thirty-six Sundays of the year. The North Walpole Mission established by Pastor Lewis is steadily growing, and the attendance exceeded the capacity of the room the first Sunday in August. Several young men were baptized and taken on probation at the July communion.

Barnard and East Barnard.—Prosperity prevails here. The scenic beauties of Silver Lake bring many city visitors to this place. While few of these attend the Methodist Church, it is still true that the number of people in Rev. Guy Lawton's congregations is constantly increasing, and that the religious interest is slowly but surely deepening. At the second quarterly conference it was voted to hold a series of meetings, the time and kind to be left to the discretion of the pastor. The Epworth League just formed at Barnard is prospering, and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor at East Barnard has just been changed into an Epworth League. Much inspiration came to both places from the recent Epworth League convention.

District Preachers' Meeting.—The first district "school of the prophets" was held at South Royalton and Bethel—four sessions at the former, and two at the latter. From every point of view it was a great success. The attendance was larger than at a district meeting before for years, there being present twenty-two preachers and four professors. The whole session was inspiring and helpful to both preachers and laymen, and was entirely unmarred by any untoward incident. May the next be equally good!

Epworth League Convention.—A "circuit," or "sub-district," League convention was held at Barnard and East Barnard, Aug. 9 and 10. This was brought about by the energy and enthusiasm of Circuit President Reeder of Rochester, and seemed to be a source of great help to the Leagues with which it was held. A very helpful after-service was led by Rev. A. W. Ford at the

close of the afternoon service, and one person came forward for prayers.

Camp-meeting.—Let everybody be on hand for this series of services, Aug. 23-30. RETLAW.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

North District

Hudson.—The church edifice is undergoing extensive repairs without and within, involving the outlay of several thousand dollars. The auditorium will be much improved and the exterior beautified. Rev. Dr. D. H. Ela, pastor.

Sterling Camp-ground.—Every Monday evening the members of the Epworth League meet in Epworth Hall to enjoy a social and some sort of game previously prepared by Miss Mabel Mudge, fourth vice-president, the entertainment being on such occasions so planned as to provoke merriment and necessitate lively thought. Ice cream is sold after the game. All who are not members of the senior chapter are obliged to pay a small admission fee. The League has purchased a Chickering piano for the Hall, where all the religious meetings and entertainments are held, so that whatever money falls into the treasury outside of the taxes, etc., is applied to the piano fund. A "Month Carnival" has been held, which netted a considerable sum for this purpose. It consisted of a series of twelve tableaux thought out and arranged by Miss Mudge. The Cottagers' Improvement Society misses its late president, Mr. C. O. Richardson, of Worcester; but the work is going on, and Saturday night, Aug. 6, a concert was given to extinguish the debt on the tennis court, which, therefore, stands paid for. By far the most entertaining and uplifting evening of the season was that of Aug. 9, when Dr. Mudge lectured on "The Poetry, Personality, and Potency of Robert Browning." This certainly delighted every hearer as nothing else has done, and will remain the most inspiring event of the pre-camp-meeting season of 1898.

E. G. K.

West District

South Hadley Falls.—This church took the collection for the missionary debt on a recent Sunday, and secured \$7.50. A like *per capita* contribution from all the Conference would make a large sum, and from all the denomination would have quickly extinguished the debt. Rev. John Mason is the pastor.

Westfield.—The Ladies' Parsonage Society has just finished a valuable work at the parsonage, putting a spacious and artistic piazza on the west and north sides of the house. This and fresh paint and other changes have so transformed the parsonage that people scarcely recognize it. Nearly \$400 has been expended, so that with former improvements on the interior an outlay of about \$1,000 has been made for the parsonage during Rev. L. H. Dorchester's five years' pastorate.

West Brookfield.—Despite the warm weather, the interest manifested in the church is good, and congregations are larger than for some time past. On the evening of Wednesday, July 27, the Epworth League and friends enjoyed a "trolley ride," with West Warren, Spencer, and North Brookfield as the termini. Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Blackmer are now, as always, a great help to the pastor, who appreciates their steadfastness and

Handsome China and Bric-a-Brac

By steamship "Trojan" from Antwerp, the "Sardinia" from Hamburg, the "Victorian" from Liverpool, the "Lenox" from Hong Kong, and the "Empress of China" from Yokohama, we have landed importations from the best potteries in Europe and the Orient, including—

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loyalty. Several from this charge are anticipating the camp-meeting at Laurel Park.

Springfield, Trinity Church.—At the last communion 8 persons were received into full membership—2 by letter and 6 from probation. The pastor, Rev. A. C. Skinner, is on a four weeks' vacation. His itinerary includes a trip down the Hudson, Lake George and Maine.

Chicopee Falls.—On Sunday, July 24, the people greatly enjoyed the presence and ministrations of Rev. N. B. Fisk, a former pastor. A recent issue of the HERALD said that the pastor, Rev. A. H. Herrick, was camping with his family, at Lake Winnepesaukee, in huts. That is correct, except that they camp in tents, as they have done for years, and hope to do for years to come. H.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Norwich District

Willimantic Camp-ground.—Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., missionary secretary, will speak at Willimantic camp-ground on Sunday, Aug. 21, for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

—If General Joe Wheeler, whose unconquerable heroism at Santiago on that "black Friday" perhaps more than the effort of any other one man served to turn the tide of battle, depended upon a popular vote of the country for a re-election to Congress, he would receive such a majority as was never

given before. But we are confident his own congressional district will not fail to express its substantial admiration for him.

—It is significant that Admiral Dewey ever since his wonderful victory at Manila has shown to such admirable advantage in the very critical position in which he has been placed. He has been judicious, alert and statesmanlike, fully meeting the exigencies of every new situation. A weaker and less comprehensive man might have put this nation into embarrassing complications, but not so with Dewey. The Government and the American people have trusted and admired him as a man large enough for the hour and the crisis. We notice in this connection the happy phrasing of a letter of thanks to Congressman Livingston of Georgia—who introduced into the House of Representatives the resolutions extending to him the thanks of Congress—and especially this paragraph: "It is a source of additional pleasure to me, a Vermonter, that the mover of the resolution was not a man from the North, but one from the far South. This is one of the good signs of the times. In the hour of danger there is no South or North, but one united country. May we never hear of sectionalism again! There are no lines drawn in the Navy. I need not say it may interest you to know that my flag lieutenant, Lieut. Brumby, is a Georgian by birth and appointment."

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

REDDING CHAUTAUQUA:	
Assembly,	Aug. 13-20
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 14-21
Weirs Camp-meeting,	August 15-20
New Haven District Camp-meeting at Plainville,	Aug. 15-20
Empire Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 15-22
Penobscot Valley Camp-meeting at Mattawamkeag, Me.,	Aug. 18-28
Sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
Lyndonville Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 22-27
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-28
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-28
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-28
Northport Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-29
Laurel Park Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-29
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-29
Claremont June Union Camp-meeting,	Aug. 23-30
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3
Rockland Dist. Camp-meeting at Nobleboro, Me.,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3
Kearsarge Camp-meeting at Wilmot, N. H.,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3
Machias Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3
Allen Camp-meeting at Strong, Me.,	Aug. 28-Sept. 4

SHEDSKIN 20 TIMES

My little boy broke out with an itching rash. I tried three doctors and medical college but he kept getting worse. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body unaffected. He was one mass of sores, and the stench was frightful. In removing the bandages they would take the skin with them, and the poor child's screams were heart-breaking. After the second application of CUTICURA (ointment) I saw signs of improvement, and the sores to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but now he is entirely cured.

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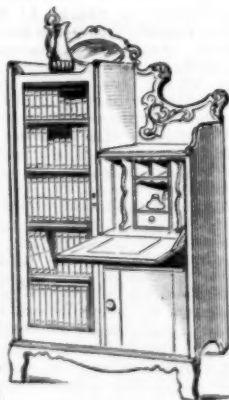
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- (2) Cabinet with two tops, drawer, square closet, and beveled mirror.
- (3) Writing Desk, with two tall book racks, 2 pigeon holes, Drawer, Pen Rack, square compartment for ink and full overhang, giving a writing surface 27 inches in depth.

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6.30, 8.15 p. m.

Return.—10.30 a. m., 12m., 3.45, 5.15, 7.00, 9.30 p. m.

For NAHANT.—9.30, 11.00 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.30, 5.00,
6.30 p. m.

Return.—8.00, 11.00 a. m., 12.15, 2.15, 3.25, 5.45,
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MARRIAGES

ROBINSON—REID—At Hotel Exeter, Boston, August 11, by Rev. Samuel E. Howe, William A. Robinson and Annie M. Reid, both of this city.

DISTRICT STEWARDS' MEETING of the Bucksport District will be held at the Machias Camp-ground, Aug. 1, at 1 p. m. J. W. DAY.

PREACHERS' WIVES' ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Preachers' Wives' Association of East District will be held in Grace Chapel, Asbury Grove, Aug. 24, at 4 o'clock. No postal notices will be sent. Mrs. GEORGE F. DUBOIN, Sec.

THE SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS will be held at Fitzwilliam, N. H., Aug. 28 to Sept. 4 inclusive. Mr. Herbert L. Gale, the evangelist, will have charge, assisted by some of the leading Christian workers of this country and Canada. The aim of the Conference is for the deepening of the spiritual life of those who attend. FOR COMMITTEE.

The Adirondack State Park comprises a territory nearly seventy-five miles square, all dedicated to pleasure. Why not plan to have your vacation include this wonderful playground? Full information at 200 Washington St., Boston.

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OBITUARIES

Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home,
Through them begins to woo us;
Love that was earthly wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

— F. W. Faber.

Ellis. — Mrs. Lucinda Ellis was born in Livermore, Me., May 8, 1838, and went home to God June 14, 1898.

From very early womanhood, when under the influence of religious conviction she broke an engagement to attend a dance in order to go to a prayer-meeting and was there encouraged to devote her young life to God, she lived till the hour of her decease in the enjoyment of God's favor, exerting her strength for the advancement of His kingdom. In 1856 she was married to Henry L. Ellis, who laments his loss. For about two years previous to her death Mrs. Ellis' health was frail and precarious. This diminished her activity somewhat, but did not impair her spiritual interest. She lived to illustrate and sustain her early religious profession, and died rejoicing, amid considerable bodily pain, that she knew whom she had believed.

Mrs. Ellis was the sister of Dr. Edgar Smith, of Bloomington, Ill., F. A. Smith, of Melrose, Mass., and Charles Smith, of Deer- ington, Me. Beside two sisters — Mrs. Lucetta Holt, of Winthrop, Me., and Mrs. Ellen Fernald, of Springfield, Mass. — she left two daughters — Mrs. J. O. Ashton, of Wilton, and Mrs. Rev. D. B. Holt, of Bridgton, Me. H. HEWITT.

Eastman. — Stephen Eastman's sun went down while it was yet day. He was born in Canaan, N. H., Oct. 13, 1851, and died in Hanover, N. H., June 16, 1898, aged 47 years.

Two weeks before he died he had the appearance of a man who was destined to live many years, but Bright's disease had marked him for its own and was eager for its prey. During the last week of his sickness his suffering was intense; but he did not murmur, he bore it patiently. He who promised to be with his children to the end was with him to help him bear his pain and to give him victory in the hour of death. A little while before he died he said, "I have always thought that when I came to this place I should be afraid, but I am not a bit."

Mr. Eastman prepared for college at the Nashua (N. H.) Literary Institute. It was while attending this school that he was converted, and was baptized by Rev. V. A. Cooper. As soon as he felt the power of the new life, he began to labor for the salvation of others. Having natural ability and enthusiasm, and being a lover of music, inheriting the power of song, he was selected to lead revival meetings. The conversion and consecration to the ministry of one man at least — Rev. Mr. Page of the Congregational connection in Vermont — was the result of his labors.

He entered Dartmouth College, but was obliged to discontinue his studies there before the close of the first year, on account of trouble with his head. This forced departure from college was ever after a cause of grief to him, for he had decided to devote his life to the Christian ministry and desired to prepare himself for the highest degree of usefulness. In 1880 he married Almada D. Colby, who proved a true helpmate to him in the work on a large farm.

He will be greatly missed by his townspeople, among whom his social qualities won for him many friends. He had a sympathetic nature which made him a special friend of those in trouble. No unfortunate man ever appealed to him for aid in vain. Eternity alone will reveal the extent of his deeds of charity, for he was careful not to do his alms before men to be seen of them. If for any cause a difference arose between a neighbor and himself, he was quick to dismiss any enmity on his part which it might involve. He was a member of the school board and a selectman for several years.

His benevolent spirit did not depart from him when his body was being racked with pain and the dark river was in sight. The thought of the future welfare of his family was uppermost in his mind. He was espe-

cially anxious that his children should receive an education. Trusting their training to the wisdom of his faithful wife, and admonishing her to be careful of her health in her endeavor to care for them, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Mr. Eastman came of good stock. His paternal grandfather was a noble Christian gentleman; his father and mother, who survive their son, have for more than half a century lived spotless Christian lives. Their faith and good works are spoken of far and wide. Larnard and Stephen Eastman, deceased members of the New Hampshire Conference, were his uncles.

His wife, five children, father and mother and a brother greatly mourn their loss.

C. A. R.

Stratton. — Edith, the oldest daughter of Rev. Porter R. Stratton, of Lunenburg, Mass., died of consumption, June 23, 1898, in the 13th year of her age.

At nine she united with the church on probation, and ever since that time has been a most exemplary Christian. Her devotion was unusual for a child of her years, but she had been greatly influenced by the faithful life of her mother, who died of the same disease nearly five years ago. Edith took special delight in reading and studying her Bible, and during the last weeks of her illness she found "Stepping Heavenward" very helpful. One day she came across in this book a passage expressing resignation to Jesus on the part of one who could not get well, and she took it to her father and said it was just the expression of her own feeling. She said "she had put her trust in Jesus and knew He would take care of her." She seemed older than her years in the care she assumed, especially for her younger sister, and she burdened herself not a little in thoughtful anxiety about her father and the duties which came to him. Her bright and happy life seemed all too short, but it has proven a great blessing to her home and to all who have known her. It can be truly said of her, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." GEO. S. BUTTERS.

Hopkins. — Will Easton Hopkins was born in New York city, April 28, 1869, and died in North Reading, Mass., June 17, 1898.

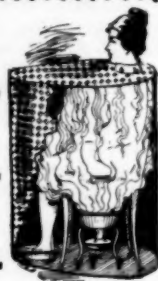
He was the sixth child of Nicholas and Sarah Augusta (Clark) Hopkins. He married Miss Etta Holcomb, of Manchester, N. H., who, with three children — the youngest a posthumous child — survives him.

Mr. Hopkins early in life learned the trade of printing, which he followed until the winter of 1896. He was converted in Manchester, N. H., when he was quite young, but did not join the church until some years later, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Maplewood, Mass. Here he became an active member, serving the church as superintendent of the Sunday-school, as class-leader, and also as one of the promoters and enthusiastic workers in a praying band connected with the church. He was licensed as a local preacher, and in the fall of 1895 began evangelistic work at North Reading, which he continued evenings and Sundays until February, 1896, when he gave up printing and removed to North Reading. A church was soon organized, over which he was placed as pastor. His labors were blessed with revival interest; many converts were made, and about twenty new members were added to the church. He continued as preacher in charge at North Reading until April, 1898, when he was appointed to South and West Worthington. After but a few weeks of service in this field, he was obliged to resign his charge, returning to North Reading, where he died.

Mr. Hopkins was an earnest and devoted Christian. His one desire was to serve his Master. He spared no effort, and shrank from no personal sacrifice, to do what he believed to be his duty. While living at Maplewood he would go to North Reading, eight miles away, to his evening meetings. After the meeting he would return home, often very late, but making the trip so that his work as printer might not suffer. In the same spirit he sought to make up what he lacked in preparation for the ministry by taking a course of study in the School of Theology in Boston. To do this necessitated a four-mile trip to and from the railroad. Much of the time he made this journey on foot. This was his usual mode of travel during the winter months. In addition to the travel and study of these weeks, he was in the habit of obtaining such odd jobs at printing as he was able to do, thus earning money for his car fare and such incidentals as the course of study called for. His Christian experience was of that type which kept him joyful in all these labors. He never seemed to realize that he was doing more than ordinary service, and esteemed it a privilege to assist any of his brethren in the

ministry when they so desired. In his preaching Mr. Hopkins gave himself to the work of saving sinners. He believed the sinner lost. He believed that the preaching of the Gospel is God's way to save men. He held up a present salvation and his message was that "Now is the accepted time." In

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Wednesday, August 10

— Gen. Miles says he needs no more troops; Coamo captured after a lively fight, 200 prisoners taken; the Alamo with six companies of the 1st Kentucky Regiment sails for Porto Rico, Gen. Fred. D. Grant going out with them.

— Spaniards attack American land forces at Manila, but are repulsed after severe fighting; we lose 10 killed and have 35 wounded.

— The Albatross despatched to Guatemalan waters; torpedo boat Dupont arrives in New York from Cuba.

— The Secretary of State announces that a protocol has been agreed upon; the French Ambassador telegraphs it to his Government to be forwarded to Madrid.

— It is announced that President Dole will be continued as Chief Executive of Hawaii for the present.

— Dedication of a monument in Frederick, Md., to Francis Scott Key, author of the Star Spangled Banner.

— Hundreds of lives lost in Formosa by storms and floods.

Thursday, August 11

— More troops to be sent to the Philippines as soon as transports are ready.

— Soldiers from Santiago arriving at Montauk Point; camp to be known as Wikoff.

— The Chester sails for Porto Rico with the 1st Volunteer Engineers; the Newark with three auxiliary cruisers sails from Guantanamo for the Isle of Pines, coast of Cuba; the Spanish steamer Alicante sails from Santiago with 1,005 prisoners for Spain.

— Gen. Lawton to command the Department of Santiago; Gen. Coppinger's orders to Porto Rico countermanded.

— Spaniards attack Americans at Fajardo, but are repulsed with heavy losses; Gen. Miles advancing towards San Juan.

— Corner-stone of Pennsylvania's new capitol laid at Harrisburg.

— An army of gold-seekers, left destitute near St. Michaels, fed by the Esquimaux.

— Nearly 6,000 garment workers strike in New York.

— The National Catholic Total Abstinence Union holding its 28th annual session in Boston.

Friday, August 12

— The protocol, preliminary to a treaty of peace, signed in Washington at 4.15.

— Gen. Schwann enters Mayaguez, Porto Rico; two Americans killed and 15 wounded, Spanish loss heavy; the Yale sails from Jersey City for Santiago with the 8th Illinois Regiment, colored.

— Gen. Merriam has orders to send troops to Alaska to preserve order.

— Ros, the civil Governor of Santiago, dismissed.

— Secretary Long begins dismemberment of the auxiliary Navy; revenue cutters will be at once returned to the Treasury Department.

— British Parliament prorogued.

— Death of Dr. Colton, who is supposed to have held the world's record for the number of teeth extracted; he is said to have pulled a million teeth.

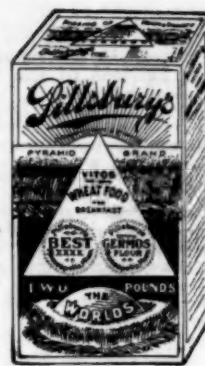
— Associate Justice Isaac N. Blodgett of New Hampshire appointed Chief Justice of the State.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



— The 2d Massachusetts Regiment sails from Santiago for New York.

Saturday, August 13

— President McKinley issues proclamation suspending hostilities; blockades raised.

— Transport Segurancra arrives at New York with 331 sick and wounded soldiers from Santiago.

— Admiral Miller arrives at Honolulu; the ceremonies of annexation not to take place until the commissioners arrive.

— Yellow fever makes its appearance at Franklin, La.; city quarantined.

— Cholera epidemic in Madras.

— Sultan of Morocco reported dead.

— A Spanish prize wrecked off Cuban coast; prize crew rescued by the Accomac.

— City of Kazan, Russia, in flames; entire city threatened with destruction.

— London papers congratulate the United States on the end of the war; public opinion in Spain overwhelmingly in favor of peace.

Monday, August 15

— The Government is cancelling charters of transports and returning them to their owners.

— Another ship sails from Norfolk for Manila loaded with coal.

— Censorship of West Indian cables removed.

— Spain directs her commanding officers in Cuba and Porto Rico to carry out the terms of the protocol.

— United States Minister Angell leaves Constantinople; his successor, Hon. O. S. Strauss, will sail at once. Secretary Day has resigned; Ambassador Hay will succeed him.

— The 8th Massachusetts and the 1st New Hampshire Regiments to be sent to Lexington, Ky. Maine soldiers to be sent home as soon as the exigencies of the service will permit.

— Five transports from Santiago arrive at Montauk Point; one death from yellow fever on the way.

— Treasury reserve at its highest point—a point it has not reached before since 1889.

— A cloudburst at Beech Creek, Tenn., kills twenty people and destroys much property.

— Fresno, Cal., has a \$500,000 fire.

— The Spanish steamer Luxon sails from Santiago for Spain with 2,056 Spanish soldiers, 4 priests, 16 women, 34 children, and 137 officers.

Tuesday, August 16

— The war ends in Porto Rico; Gen. Miles communicates with Gen. Macias.

— Transport Ladua arrives at Santiago with the 5th regiment of immunes under Major Money; they will camp at Morro Castle.

— Hospital ship Relief sails from Mayaguez with 20 wounded and 50 convalescents.

— The U. S. S. Bennington arrives at San Francisco after a month spent in hunting for a phantom Spanish cruiser on the Pacific coast.

— Report that Manila has surrendered; Gen. Augustin has arrived at Hong Kong; Gen. Blanco resigns.

— All danger of a yellow fever epidemic at Franklin, La., said to have passed.

— The 150 weavers in Border City Mill No. 2 go out on a strike.

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